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Racing Tips

By "The Turf"

RACE 1
Penforce
Desire
Top Hat
Outsider:—Hongkong Stutze.

RACE 2
Robin Hood
Winged
My Darling
Outsider:—Desert Gold.

RACE 3
Wonderful Mare
Eleanor
True Love
Outsider:—Kitty.

RACE 4
Diamondfield
Trial Trip
Flying Dragon
Outsider:—Amsterdam.

RACE 5
Jasmin
Kwong Yiu
D Day
Outsider:—Anyway.

RACE 6
Bambi
Hellzapoppin
Georgie
Outsider:—Cleopatra.

RACE 7
Prairie Moon
Bonnie Eyes
Acquisition
Outsider:—Wonderful Coin.

RACE 8
Xerxes
Corrib
Ringwood
Outsider:—Anna.

RACE 9
Sulphur
Sharpshooters
Liberty Diamond
Outsider:—Jettie.

RACE 10
Green Velvet
Siber
Busted Straight
Outsider:—Tallierina.

RACE 11
Araxy
Ame. Clipper
Topsail
Outsider:—Mabuhay.

ATTACK ON SINGAPORE GOVERNOR

GRENADE EXPLODES; NO HARM DONE

Singapore, Apr. 28.—A hand grenade thrown tonight at Sir Franklin Gimson, the Governor of Singapore, exploded without injuring him.

The Governor was leaving the "Happy World" Boxing Stadium when the grenade, hurled by someone in the crowd, hit him on the leg. Rebounding away from him, it exploded but caused no casualties or damage.

Sir Franklin, who is 59, has been Governor and Commander-in-Chief, Singapore, since 1946.

A former Controller of Labour in Ceylon, he was appointed Colonial Secretary at Hongkong a few months before its capture by the Japanese in 1941, when he was made a prisoner.

Sir Franklin had been attending the Singapore Amateur Boxing Association's championship bouts at the Stadium in the "Happy World" amusement park.

The Government's escape is attributed to the fact that the grenade was a Mills bomb of a very old-fashioned type. After the incident Sir Franklin went home with a police escort.

The police threw a cordon around the amusement park, set up road blocks and began screening people. A man was arrested but was later released.

Chandernagore Transfer

New Delhi, April 28.—The former French city, Chandernagore, near Calcutta, will be placed under Indian administration on May 2, it is officially announced.

The city, whose inhabitants voted in a plebiscite last June to join India, will remain technically part of the French Union until ratification of the special transfer treaty, now under discussion between France and India.—United Press.

Pignon Honoured

Paris, Apr. 28.—The French Cabinet today promoted M. Leon Pignon, French High Commissioner in Indo-China, to the rank of Commander of the Legion of Honour, for "exceptional services."

M. Pignon is to leave Saigon for Paris tomorrow by air.—Reuter.

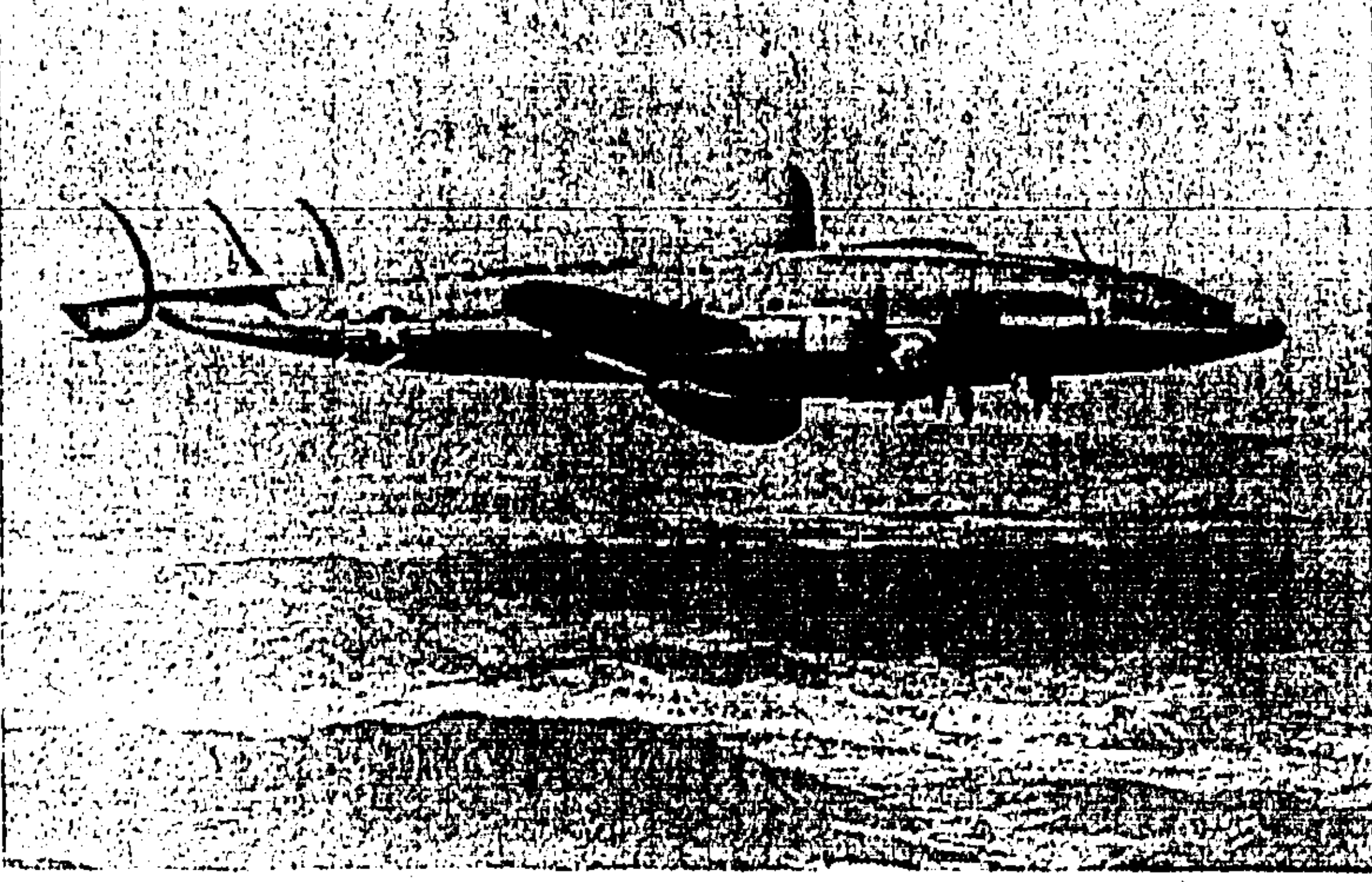
EDITORIAL

Russia And The United Nations

WHILE there offers any satisfactory alternative, ex-President Hoover's proposal that all Communist countries be excluded from the United Nations, which would then represent a united front of freedom loving peoples, will gain few adherents. Superficially, the argument is convincing enough. Nothing could be better than morale mobilisation against a police state and human slavery. Mr Hoover's assertion that the Western nations have been too long slipping illlogical cocktails mixed by ghosts of history is both colourful in description and close to reality. Patience has been taxed close to the point of endurance. Acceptance of a great part of the diagnosis, however, does not impel approval of Mr Hoover's prescription. Russia's intransigence in treating of any important international dispute, the steady pursuit of cold war tactics, flaring up occasionally into such incidents as the shooting down of an American naval plane, the deadlock caused in the affairs of the United Nations by the Russian boycott designed to force Chiang's delegates out of UN councils, provide a picture calculated, if it goes on, to invigorate the opposition. To admit that the complexities of the situation are gravely disturbing and exceedingly difficult of adjustment is, however, one thing. A deliberate sundering of all relations, diplomatic and multilateral, is quite another. Elimination of Russia and her satellites from the United Nations would automatically create a solid bloc committed to resist any Soviet aggression or threat and may appear, on the surface, highly desirable. But it would not stop at this point. It would antagonise, convert friction between the world's most powerful groups into open hostility, and prevent any latent Russian

inclination to seek improved relations from bearing fruit. The third world war which all democracies are exerting energy to avoid would have advanced a dangerous stride forward. Unforeseen events possibly can force the issue and leave no option but to put ex-President Hoover's proposal to its most practical use. If a choice does remain, to follow the course prescribed would be seeking trouble. Much better indeed to observe the result of the Big Three conference and their deliberations on the value of yet another approach to Moscow for a frank survey of world problems and removal of controversial factors. For that matter, rather than complete the breakdown of the United Nations principle with studied intent, it would be much more appropriate to give Mr Trygve Lie the fullest support in his own mission to Stalin. Mr Lie's avowed position is that, aiming to save the United Nations from collapse by inaction, he seeks a formula acceptable to the Kremlin which will end the deadlock. It will not be easy. It is logical for the Russians to rest on their argument that since the Peking regime controls all of China Proper, the People's Government alone are entitled to represent China in the United Nations. So far, both Britain and America have abstained from voting one way or the other. Both have announced that when seven members of the Security Council unseat the Nationalist delegate, the decision will be accepted. Mr Lie's task is to modify Russia's denial of the correctness of the Western attitude, and he may be right in assuming that Russia will not go so far that withdrawal from the U.N. would become the next obvious course. What cannot be disputed, is that this is the time for action for any good to come.

"Eyes" For American Fleet



This new long-distance Constellation gives "eyes" to the United States Fleet. The two humps midway along the top and bottom of the fuselage house powerful radar apparatus that will supplement ship-borne radar. This is often limited to the range of the optical horizon. (London Express Service).

SYDNEY CONFERENCE TO DISCUSS ECONOMIC AID FOR S.E. ASIA REGION

London, Apr. 28.—Lord MacDonald, leader of Britain's delegation to next month's Commonwealth talks in Sydney, said today that their aim was to help restore the world's economic balance "by easing the economic situation of the quarter of the world's population inhabiting Southeast Asia."

Tito Offer To Italy Over Trieste

Belgrade, Apr. 28.—Marshal Tito today offered to negotiate with Italy over the disputed Adriatic Free Territory of Trieste on the basis of a plan he put up three years ago to the Italian Communist leader, Signor Palmiro Togliatti.

Under this plan, Trieste, now divided into a Yugoslav Zone (Zone B) and an Anglo-American Zone (Zone A), would be considered to be under Italian sovereignty if Rome agreed to leave the mainly Slav town of Gorizia, north of Trieste, to Belgrade.

The Marshal, speaking to foreign correspondents for the first time since his rift with Moscow and the Cominform, said it was up to Italy to make the first move on Trieste.

He considered the Italian Foreign Minister, Count Carlo Sforza, "mistaken" to offer trade and other economic agreements as a basis for the negotiations over the port.

"We will not bargain with the Free Territory of Trieste or use it as a basis for trading," he declared.

NO ATTACK

The Marshal held the press conference 24 hours of his most conciliatory speech to the West since he took power. He told the newly elected Assembly yesterday that he wanted the "best possible relations with Italy" would appoint a Minister to Greece "in the coming days" and welcomed the "rather remarkable" economic co-operation with Austria.

The Marshal thought the talk of Cominform opposition to his regime "exists only in the mind of the Cominform." He expected the Cominform to keep up its anti-Yugoslav campaign, but did not think it would attack now.

The press conference was held at the White Palace, the former residence of the Yugoslav King outside Belgrade.

"Since Count Sforza's speech we are convinced more than ever that this question is not current because he proposed such conditions on which we cannot carry on any negotiations," Marshal Tito said.

"Otherwise I may say that Yugoslavia is ready if the Italian Government is willing to negotiate on reasonable terms,"—Reuter.

Lord MacDonald, Paymaster General of Britain and former Governor of Newfoundland, will leave by air for Sydney next Tuesday with a team of experts from the Foreign Office, the Treasury, the Commonwealth Relations Office, and the Board of Trade.

At Singapore he will confer with the British Commissioner for Southeast Asia, Mr Malcolm MacDonald, who will also attend the Sydney conference.

Lord MacDonald described the Sydney meeting—known as the Commonwealth Consultative Assembly—as a direct follow-up to the Commonwealth conference of Foreign Ministers in Colombo last January.

The Colombo conference set up the Consultative Council for Economic Aid to Southeast Asia to develop what then came to be known as the "Spender Plan" for material assistance to Southeast Asian countries.

Lord MacDonald summarised the tasks of the Committee under the following heads:

1. To exchange Commonwealth views, which are known to vary considerably, on ways and means of meeting the economic needs of Southeast Asia in the light of the present political situation in that area.
2. To assess the cost of any agreed scheme.
3. To obtain the views of the Commonwealth and non-Commonwealth countries involved both on their needs and on methods of dealing with the problem.
4. To decide, in the probable event of the estimated cost exceeding the possibilities of the Commonwealth and the resources for self-help of Southeast Asia, what other sources of assistance could contribute to the economic development of the area. This was taken as referring to possible American aid under President Truman's "Point Four" for aiding economically under-developed areas.

CONCRETE PROPOSALS

Britain would take to Sydney concrete proposals for tackling the Southeast Asian problem, Lord MacDonald stated, but also preferred to hear the ideas of other delegations and other interested countries before making public details of her own approach.

He foresaw the likelihood of calling a further conference if the Sydney talks reveal that there is not sufficient available information on which to apportion the cost of any proposed measures between the Commonwealth countries.

He disclaimed any intention on the part of the Commonwealth to interfere with the countries of Southeast Asia. (Contd. on Page 14, Col. 4.)

Foochow Airfield Bombed

Taipei, Apr. 28.—A Chinese Air Force communiqué said today that Nationalist air units this afternoon bombed Foochow airfield and twice attacked 15 large junks north of Amoy, with at least three reported to have been destroyed.

The communiqué said that other fighters on the same day made reconnaissance over Shanghai. It said that after searching one hour they found no trace of Chinese Communist planes.

It said that this afternoon two waves of bombers attacked Communist artillery positions in the northeast part of Tanchai Island, 15 miles south of Tainan, which is 17 miles east of Ningpo.

The communiqué said the first wave, led by Lieut. Col. Lee Shiao-hua, bombed and destroyed many Communist positions. The second wave, led by Major Hu Chin-shan, bombed the same objectives, the communiqué added. Ninety-five percent of the Communist positions were reported to have been destroyed.

The communiqué said that between April 20 and 26, 178 fighters dropped more than 68,000 pounds of bombs, killed more than 3,400 Reds, destroyed more than 30 installations, sank 21 junks and damaged over 20 junks.—United Press.

Britain's New Carrier

London, Apr. 28.—The 36,000-ton aircraft carrier Ark Royal, second of two giant post war carriers for jet planes and one of the most powerful maritime fighting units in the world, will be launched at Birkenhead by the Queen on Wednesday.

Like her sister carrier, H.M.S. Eagle, launched in 1946 and now being fitted out, the new Ark Royal is larger than any British aircraft carrier now in service.

She is the fourth ship of the name since the Spanish Armada, the wartime Ark Royal was torpedoed in the Mediterranean.—Reuter.

EARLY ELECTION DEMAND MADE BY CHURCHILL

London, Apr. 28.—Mr Winston Churchill today demanded an early general election to break the political deadlock in Britain, and the "evil reign" of the "spendthrift" Socialist Government which, he said, had cost Britain the respect of the world.

Mr Churchill addressed 6,000 persons at the Primrose League Lodge, of which he is Grand Master, as the Labour Government forced two other crises—one on the London docks, the other on a railway freight increase, which promised to hit every pocketbook in Britain.

It has been known that Mr Churchill, despite opposition by many other Conservative leaders, favoured an early appeal to the people. But this is the first time he has said so publicly.

He said: "We must not allow the rights of Parliament to be abrogated by any fear of another appeal to the people. We don't fear the British people. Trust in the people is our faith, and it will not be long before that faith is decisively vindicated."—United Press.

"CLUMSY MANNER"

London, Apr. 28.—The Labour Government's European policy was attacked by Mr Winston Churchill, leader of the Conservative Party, in a speech here today.

He said that this policy had been handled in a "clumsy manner."

Speaking to 6,000 members of the Conservative Primrose League, Mr Churchill said that although the Socialist Government had followed in the main the policies which were outlined at Fulton, Missouri, in 1946, for a fraternal association with the United States, and at Zurich in the autumn of the same year for a United Europe, including Germany, "it has done it in so halting and clumsy a manner as to deprive us of many of the advantages we could have gained."

French Hold Chinese Red Soldiers

San Francisco, Apr. 28.—Thirty-nine Chinese Communist soldiers have been disarmed and are being detained by the French Army in Indo-China, according to the Peking Radio, which also announced that the Chinese Communists are holding five French soldiers, presumably as hostages.

The broadcast said a boat carrying 39 People's Liberation Army soldiers and sailors, led by a political instructor, met a "strong unexpected gale" on the Hwangtung coast, and was blown to the Indo-China coast. It said the Chinese troops were disarmed upon landing, and were still being detained.

NO EXPORT OF DIAMONDS

Capetown, Apr. 28.—The South African Treasury today announced a permanent scheme forbidding the export of diamonds to destinations other than the United Kingdom except against payment in dollars.

The export of diamonds, except on these conditions, was prohibited on April 3 this year, but the Treasury then indicated that it was a temporary measure pending the more permanent scheme.

The move is to ensure that South Africa does not lose dollars through "cheap Sterling" transactions in diamonds.—Reuter.

SIR ROBERT

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OLD TOM

To Suit Every Taste!

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BROADWAY
Theatre
AIR-CONDITIONED

 SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.


ALL THE KING'S MEN

Based upon the Pulitzer Prize Novel "All the King's Men" by Robert Penn Warren. Screenplay by Broderick Crawford, Joanne Dru, John Ireland, John O'Shea, Mercedes McCambridge. Directed by Robert Rossen.

NO COMPLIMENTARY TICKETS AVAILABLE

ROXY
SUNDAY MORNING SHOW
AT 11.30 A.M.
Warner Bros. Pictures
Presents
AN EXCELLENT
SELECTION OF COLORED
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Cary Grant • John Garfield
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RETURN ENGAGEMENT BY PUBLIC REQUEST!
Bud & Lou in "WHO DONE IT?"

The Film Of The Year Is Here

GOVERNOR STARK

TO HEAL YOUR PAIN. NO MORE.



'One of the best pieces of film-making to come out of California...'

Described by a leading English film critic as "altogether one of the best pieces of film-making to come out of California", the triple Academy Award winner, "All the King's Men", opens at the Roxy and Broadway Theatres today. It was awarded the "Oscar" for the best picture of 1949.

The story of the film is based upon Robert Penn Warren's Pulitzer Prize novel of the life and times of Willie Stark, a ruthless, power-grabbing governor of an American state. The novel was built on some of the aspects of the life of the late "Kingfisher" Huey Long, Governor of Louisiana.

The film would be best remembered for Broderick Crawford's characterization of Governor Stark, were it not that

through a screen test. As the big shot, politician who by gift of tongue and magnetic personality climbs to the political pinnacle of his state, Broderick Crawford turns



BRODERICK CRAWFORD, winner of the Academy Award for his performance as Governor Willie Stark in "All the King's Men".

in a performance that is forceful and dynamic. The rest of the cast—and it is a large one that takes in gamblers and crooks and aristocrats—round out the film of the year.

The story of Willie Stark is the story of how dictators become such. One could almost feel that he would be a very pleasant personality had he but a small part to play in the affairs of the day. But he is pleasant even so, else he would not attract supporters to his rise to power, and when he isn't he is ruthless enough to ride roughshod over all opposition.

Broderick Crawford is no newcomer to films, nor is he the first of his family to entertain the cinema-goers. He is the son of Helen Broderick, that comedienne of the old Rogers-Astaire series last seen here in the revival of "Top Hat". The role of Willie Stark is not Crawford's first good part. Many will remember him as Lennie in John Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men". Since his portrayal of Lennie, greeted by the best film critics as one of the outstanding characterizations of 1938, he has appeared in 20 other pictures. In most of these he has been a big, bad feeling man, be it a Western, a sea story or something on all gangsterdom gone wild.

A reason why he did so well in "Of Mice and Men" and in "All the King's Men" may be that in between unimportant parts in secondary films he read the fiction of the day and waited for something suitable to come his way. When he read into the soul of Lennie and of Willie Stark, he felt that he understood them. The obsession that he could bring them to life on the stage or the screen grew on him and it didn't take any persuasion when he walked in and claimed the part. It is said that he got both the stage and the screen roles of Lennie by informing the casting department that he felt it belonged to him.

The same was true of "All the King's Men". Columbia Pictures claim, though, that they put him

politically-wise secretary, have key roles in one of the most effective casts ever assembled for a single picture.

FORGOTTEN MAN
Robert Rossen, who produced, directed and wrote the script for Columbia's "All the King's Men", has received accolades from most of the leading newspapers and magazines for his direction and production of this prize-winning film as well as for the script.

One of the most coveted of all prizes, the New York Film Critics award, came his way for his role in turning out what was no doubt the outstanding film of the year. However, he missed making it a sweep of four prizes as no "Oscar" for acting came his way. He is in the first scene of "All the King's Men" in the part of the newspaper reporter who tells John Ireland that the boss wants to see him.


MERCEDES McCAMBRIDGE, whose performance as the earthy, efficient secretary of Governor Willie Stark won her the Academy Award as the best supporting actress in films released in 1949.

☆ What The Stars Are Doing

Somerset Maugham placed his villa in the South of France at Jean Simmons's disposal during the Easter holiday break. He himself was travelling through Morocco by primitive desert transport to little known places between Fez and Marrakesh.

When 76-year-old Maugham was wanted for photographs with Jean, who stars in his film, "Trio," he could not be found. Telephone enquiries to his villa revealed that he had gone to North Africa—but nobody knew where he was.

EXERCISE IS FUN
Strenuous games in "Convicted," a picture in which he co-stars with Broderick Crawford, have Glenn Ford taking up physical exercise in earnest. Glenn, whose boast has always been that a brisk walk to the mail box each day was all the exercise he needed, has had to do the hardest kind of work in a laundry, scale high walls, split rock. These and other prison jobs for the picture have made him realise that exercise is worth considering.

The result is that he is taking dance exercises from his wife, Eleanor Powell. "Why didn't someone tell me about this before?" he now asks. "Exercise is fun!"

SHOW TALK

By HAROLD CONWAY

British censors make Hollywood sit up...

Emlyn Williams, due back on the West End stage next autumn, began acting last week his second Hollywood role in "The Dungeon." He plays a criminal who escapes from an asylum to prove his innocence and sanity.

And the British film censors, I hear, have been speaking their mind. Some months ago they issued a list of "Don'ts" to all film producers in England and overseas. Scenes of violence were prominent among the vetoes. Hollywood is now beginning to take this British warning seriously. United Artists—who have taken the exceptional precaution of submitting their script in advance to our censors. And they have agreed to most objections raised by the Board about certain situations and dialogue. This pre-production consultation should avoid the fuss and

hold-up in England experienced by Hollywood's last asylum picture, "The Snake Pit." I still dislike all censorship of film or plays. The public's good sense is a sufficient box-office check on excesses, without official nursing—and no producer can afford to rely on a small minority of sensation-seekers. But so long as the system is in force, fair is fair—and it is high time American studios began consulting British views.

After all, our own producers have been tamely submitting their scripts in advance to the American censors for a long time—and in most cases deferring to their wishes.

Mary Ellis again
★ Mary Ellis—America's original Rose Marie—has built up a reputation as one of the most intelligent actresses on the London stage. In recent years she has also been one of the most neglected. Why did we have to wait so long after the war to see her

back in the West End, as the superbly vicious wife in Rattigan's "The Browning Version?" And why, since that play has there been another long interval? Are our managers so embarrassed by her richness in stage personalities? After the top dozen, in which Miss Ellis certainly ranks high, I shouldn't have thought so.

Now, I am glad to hear, the Tennent management have made amends. Mary Ellis is to star for them—with Mary Morris, Clive Morton and Gladys Henson—in a strong drama called "If This Be Error," by Rachel Grive.

She will have, too, the most dramatic role in which we have seen her since Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude," at the beginning of her London career. The new play concerns a woman married to a seaside doctor, whose livelihood is threatened when it becomes known that she has been tried for the murder of her first husband.

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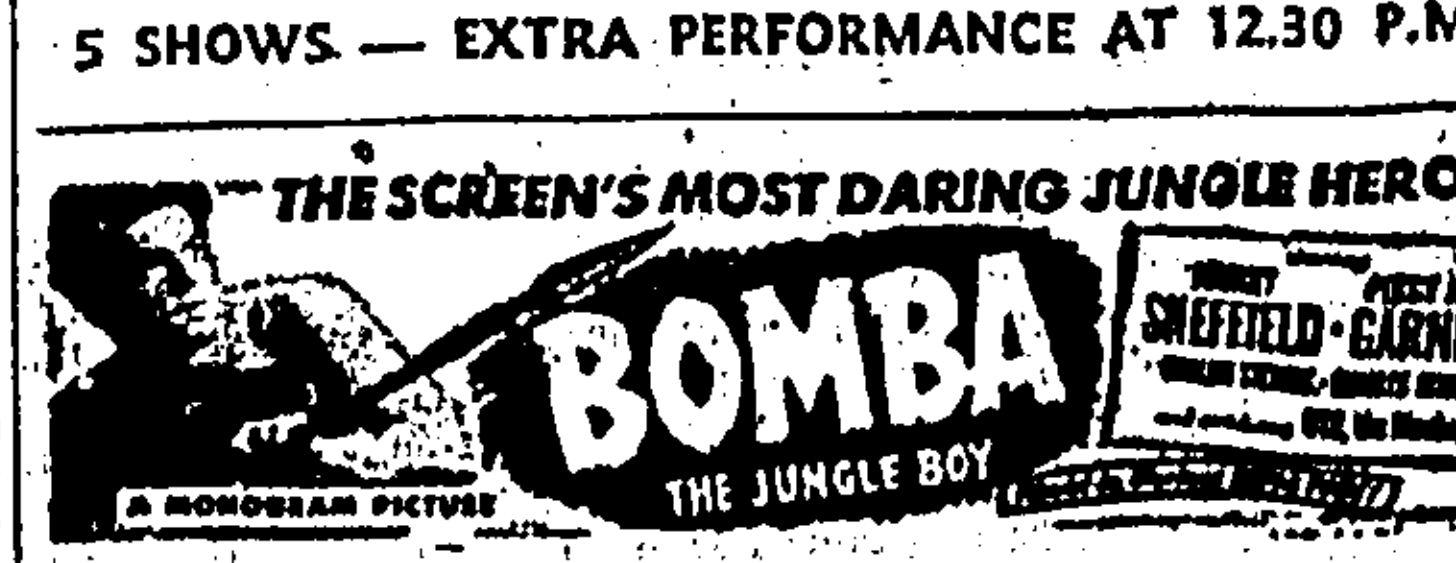

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 TO-MORROW AT THE LIBERTY
5 SHOWS — EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 12.30 P.M.


A PICTURE FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY

Wicksteed buys a car

On the ROAD

I DON'T seem to be able to leave home without something happening. Last year when I got back from flying round the world I found we'd acquired a baby daughter.

This year I return from Darkest Africa to discover that our union is about to be blessed with a brand new car. We can't afford either of them. But you know how it is. These things can happen to anyone.

Years ago, round about the end of 1940, during a passing moment of financial elation, we put our name down for a car.

We'd only one child then and rashly we thought that we could afford to replace the old battle-scarred chariot which we'd sold in the war to buy curtains and carpets.

As the seasons went by without any signs of delivery we tended to forget the whole in-

cident. Our children increased from one to three and we resigned ourselves to a carless marriage.

The arrival of our daughter last year was financially embarrassing but it wasn't a total surprise. Having had two children already we'd a fair idea of the facts of life that applied in such cases.

But with cars it's different. The waiting period in the post-war motor trade is quite unpredictable. Whenever we tried to find out what it was the answer we got was: "Oh, it takes years and years. They're worse than elephants."

So imagine the scene on the day that father got home from Africa and found there'd been a letter from the garage that morning saying the car he'd ordered in 1940 was now ready for delivery and would be pleased to arrange to collect it.

What now?

THIS bombshell was accompanied by an invoice or bill of such terrifying proportions that it made the ordinary fees of an accountant look trifling.

But when father's carefully rehearsed stories of adventures with lions and witch doctors, no one wanted to hear them. All



PRESENTING THE CREW:

Of this Wicksteed family group, only three members were alive when the car was ordered. And Philip, he's now 83, was too young to remember. To John, 21 years, and Karl, who is nine months, the car is "something father did before our time."

By **BERNARD WICKSTEED**

They wanted to know was: What was he going to do about THE CAR?

"Well," I said, desperately, "I might deny paternally."

There were good grounds for this, though the family wouldn't hear of them. In that long-ago carless moment when we'd placed the order we asked for a humble model that is now extinct.

When the manufacturer's ceased making it our name was automatically transferred to the waiting list of its successor.

We'd asked for a 12 h.p. car, but this one we were now told belonged to us was at least 10 h.p., and according to the invoice it was fitted with radio, and heater, was painted comet blue, and furnished with beige upholstery.

We'd never asked for anything like this. In fact I'd never even heard of comet blue. So how could the car be mine?

The family didn't look at it this way. They said that in life you had to take what you got. If it was a boy or a girl or triplets you had to accept the fact. And nowadays it was the same with cars.

I said, "Well, then isn't there a King's Bounty or something for people who are delivered of a car twice as grand and expensive as they expect?"

Away with it!

CAN'T we get it adopted? "Surely there must be homes for the cars of impoverished parents where they can be cared for in healthy surroundings."

Couldn't we lend it or lease it to some disappointed couple who have the money, the garage, and the polishing rags ready?

But my wife was against this idea, too. We'd ordered the car, she said, and we must look after it and bring it up as best we could. It was our own asset and grease and it wouldn't be right to let it fall into the hands of foster parents who might be unkind to it.

Then we found that even if we wished to we couldn't get the car adopted unless we renounced it entirely. There's a form of control these days which is new to us motorists whose cars grew to maturity and passed out of our hands before the war. It's called "the covenant."

Just as there are laws to stop baby farming, so there are now regulations to prevent people wantonly acquiring new cars and immediately disposing of them at a profit.

Every parent of a new-born car has to sign this covenant in duplicate. It is full of herculean and whereas, and it witnesses that for a year the parent (hereinafter called "the owner") must not give, pledge, hire, or otherwise deal with the said vehicle in any manner whereby the property therein is or may be transferred to another person.

What happens if you do? In our case we will have to pay £325 to the garage from which we bought the car.

You also have to agree that the car won't be used for anything else than the private, professional, or trade purposes of the owner.

I pointed out the dangers of this clause to the family. If we used the car for a smash and grab raid that would be all right because we would be the owners.

But if someone stole it from us and used it to rob a bank we'd be breaking the covenant because the man who used it for his own professional purposes wasn't the owner.

So naturally...

NBODY makes you sign anything so drastic as this when you have a baby. You simply collect its birth certificate, ration books and identity card, get it vaccinated, and the child is yours.

I pointed out all these things to my wife but she couldn't be swayed. It was our duty to take and to cherish this helpless newborn comet-blue car.

Need I say more? Father bought the car, and mother's gone shopping. She's looking for an outfit that goes with beige upholstery and comet blue.

(London Express Service)



"It's marked quite clearly on the bottle, Vera—This wonderful drug from the U.S.A. produces a 50 per cent. increase in the growth of farm stock. UNFIT FOR BABIES."

London Express Service

A nest-egg for Britain from Hitler's sisters

By **HAROLD A. ALBERT**

IN a secret British Government bank account there's a £15,000,000 fund—maintained since 1939 for Hitler's legal heirs and other Germans—now shortly due to be shared among 12,000 British investors.

Not even Sir Henry Gregory, the Custodian of Enemy Property, knows the exact date of the share-out. But the necessary act of parliament is being passed. As soon as it becomes law—probably in June—every British investor now owed money by Germany—including not a few in Hong-kong—stands to benefit.

The recipients will range from widows and old people whose incomes from German sources stopped on the outbreak of war. The enemy fund holds British dividends for Alfred Krupp, Gustav Stinnes and Franz von Papen. Yet British creditors will get the money instead.

Vast Sums

PROBABLY the world's two most disappointed women, arising from this decision, are Hitler's two sisters, Paula Hitler and Mrs. Angela Hammersch. Though they planned to give much of the

money away, Hitler's fortune—as debited in Britain itself—stood to transform them into two of the richest women in Europe.

In Hitler's evil lifetime I was the first journalist to discover Paula living in neglected poverty in a fourth-floor attic in Vienna. I know that Angela, former housekeeper at Berchtesgaden, deeply offended her brother by remarrying. Yet these two women retained legal title to Hitler's estate, and the vast sums nominally due to the Franz Eher Verlag publishing concern in Munich, as well as to royalties on Mein Kampf.

The sisters also stood to gain a fortune, through Hitler's share holdings, in fees that have accumulated for hundreds of proprietary rights in patent medicines. Every copyright piece of German music broadcast anywhere within the British Empire—including "Lili Marlene"—could have enriched them through Hitler's former interests in German sheet music concerns which shared copyright royalties. And it looks as if even the composers of "Lili Marlene" won't get their money. When British soldiers marched home from the Western Desert humming the song, publishers were eager to bring it out with an English lyric. The Custodian's office, however, first insisted on determining ownership of the musical copyright.

Since the first day of war every penny due to Germans had to be handed over to the Custodian of Enemy Property—actually a series of officials who have cared for the money till its ultimate fate could be decided.

"Lili Marlene" posed a problem for the song had travelled by word of mouth. Ultimately a torn copy, giving the requisite copyright information, turned up in a cafe in Naples. The German composers, Nordert Schultze and Hans Leip, were duly credited with their proper share of the performing fees. They never received the hard cash—and now the money will help to compensate British composers whose songs were stolen by Hitler.

Throughout its 11-year term, the Enemy Property fund has been handled with absolute honesty. It was tricky, intricate work. For example, the Custodian had to take over contract supervision of over 800 books, 20 plays and 118,221 pieces of music.

Amid other complex items there was even a royalty fee for a German weather chart of Greenland, used in RAF training. Another carefully tabulated item concerns the sale of thousands of bottles of wine. Normally the beneficiary might have been Mrs. Roubert; now perhaps some of the money may go to the proprietor of a hotel where Ribbentrop left an unpaid bill.

The dormant cash includes royalties on "Mein Kampf" as well as book royalties to Fritz Thyssen, the Ruhr magnate who paved Hitler's road to power. There's been money, too, from the earnings of a circus elephant named Lindy, the property of an interned enemy alien. Lindy was a lady of uncertain age and died midway through the war. The Custodian's agents made futile attempts to sell the meat to glue and animal fodder factories. Eventually Lindy was cut up and buried in sections, but not before her ivory was duly debited to the cash account.

Complex Items

WHEN the contents of the German Embassy were sold, ironic bids were made for swastika flags and one of Goering's swords. All the cash has been carefully harvested against settling-up day. The accumulated compound interest will help to pay expenses, but the greater part will go to the British Exchequer by way of taxation.

On the outbreak of war Germany still had £200,000 worth of tin in Malaya, which had been bought and paid for but not shipped. The Custodian seized the tin as enemy assets, sold it and banked the money. Similarly

enormous sums have accumulated to the title of enemy inventors and industrialists. Early in the war the Board of Trade issued rules allowing anyone to take over enemy patents, designs and trade marks. Over 400 important industrial patents were used in the war drive in this way, but a percentage of profits—usually five percent—still had to be paid over to the Custodian.

The motor inventions of Daimler and Benz, the aircraft inventions of Heinkel and Messerschmitt, earned money in this way. German patented drug ideas saved British lives but earned German money. Some of the original research workers died in concentration camps. Yet money was still considered due to their employers.

Obviously the Enemy Property fund began in the faith that the German authorities would undertake an equally systematic accumulation and safeguarding of British funds. If they had kept the books straight, George Bernard Shaw would have earned another fortune. Vickers and ICI probably had the largest claims in the industrial group. English scientists, composers, inventors and investors all stood to benefit. Even British owners of house property in Berlin hoped that someone was collecting the rent.

It has now transpired that the Germans never kept stock. Today it appears that the sums due to Britain are actually much more than the total £15,000,000 already held. Thorny problems lie ahead. Posing a riddle for Solomon, there is the case of an ex-Serviceman of the British Army who, a Jewish father, an important Leipzig music publisher, was dispossessed by the Nazis and died in Dachau. The son declares that profits accruing to the firm are rightfully his—and he legitimately asks equality of treatment with British subjects.

Soap & Perfume

SIR Henry Gregory has already restored a great deal of property formerly in his custody. He held the money due to Allied nationals in enemy-occupied territory, and thus held the soap and perfume profits due to Coty, deau desing royalties due to Paris houses, gramophone royalties for Maurice Chevalier—and even cash for Chinese in Japan-occupied China.

All these holdings have been handed to their rightful owners. A string of French racehorses, similarly, were put into safe custody here shortly before France was overrun. Throughout the war the Custodian had them cared for by a trainer and then returned them, plus a few young colts by way of interest.

Currently, the Custodian still has £5,000,000 in such tangible assets as jewellery, house property and insurances. Among the latter are insurances carried on with German-owned companies in the Argentine. Some were carried on an actuarial basis, without names being disclosed, and may represent the quieter adeline investments of Goering and Goebbels.

Sooner or later all these properties will be realised and the proceeds will go into the kitty. Creditors have waited a long time for their money, but it's a case of better late than never.

Do you know HOW your baby should be immunized?

WHY
HOW
WHEN



Make this promise to yourself now: that you will safeguard your child by having him immunized!



Guardian of your baby's health—immunization! Because of it, far fewer babies will die this year.



Have your child immunized while you're counting his age in months instead of years!

Q. How does immunization help?

A. It's the only sure way you can keep your baby safe from these diseases: smallpox, diphtheria, whooping cough. See what immunization has done in just one generation: it has halved deaths from these baby killers. But medical authorities also agree that diphtheria and smallpox can't be wiped out until (1) all mothers understand the vital need for immunization, (2) mothers take care to have their children immunized as soon as the doctor recommends.

Q. For which diseases is immunization good?

A. Whooping cough, smallpox, diphtheria are the unseen enemies of babies and children. They strike fast without much warning. And one sick child can soon infect many others in the community. Make sure your child is protected against these diseases throughout his school years. Immunization is such an easy, fast, practically painless way to protect your children and so economical!

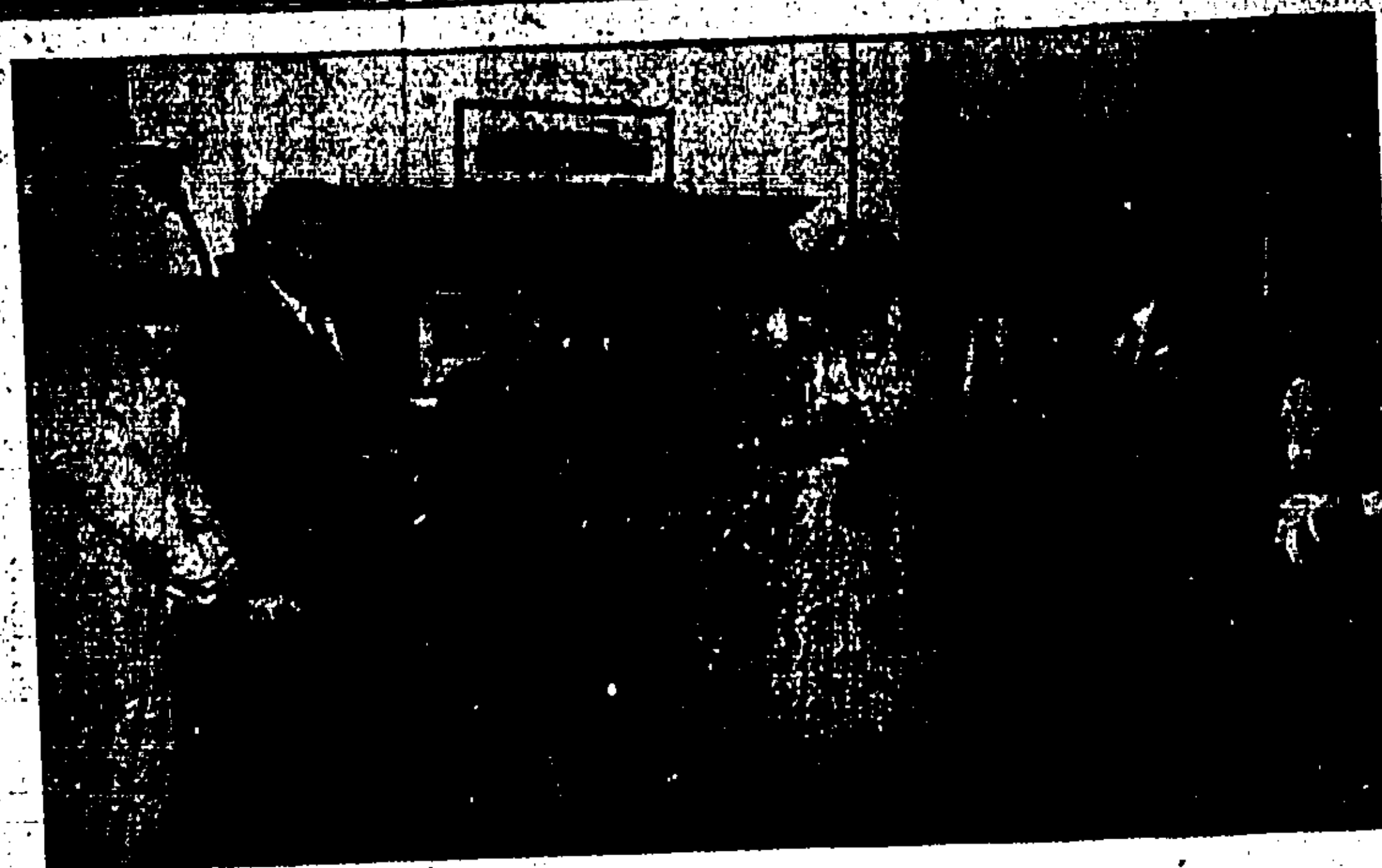
Q. How old should your baby be when immunized?

A. For whooping cough: from 3 to 6 months. For smallpox: from 6 months or earlier; repeat on entering school. For diphtheria: repeat on entering school; repeat at 12 months; repeat on entering school; repeat at 12 years. By following this simple immunization schedule, you can have the enormous relief that comes of knowing your child is safe from these diseases. But don't delay. Ask your doctor about immunization today!



SQUIBB
MEDICINALS SINCE 1858

● This is one of a series of articles on basic health problems. In them you will discover how faithful co-operation with your doctor can not only safeguard, but improve your daily well-being, your chances for a long and healthy life.



MR E. W. Blackmore (second from left), who is leaving Hongkong on retirement, speaking at a farewell cocktail party given in his honour last week by the Vibro Piling Co., Ltd., of which he was technical manager for many years. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



AT last Saturday's Boy Scout rally, held in the Botanical Gardens. Above left: a general view of the rally. Above right: His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, pinning the Silver Acorn on the breast of Deputy Commissioner C. C. Quah. Left: The 17th Kowloon (La Salle College) Troop, who won the Prince of Wales Banner. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



A happy group at the opening of the new clubhouse of the Dockyard Recreation Club last week. The opening ceremony was performed by Commodore L. N. Brownfield, R.N. (Ming Yuen)



MR and Mrs Daniel Christopher McPeake leaving Rosary Church after their wedding last Saturday. The bride was formerly Miss Laura Catarina Diniz. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



YOUNG Sarosh Karanjia, son of Dr and Mrs N. P. Karanjia, being confirmed into the Zoroastrian religion at a Navjote ceremony held in the Hongkong Hotel last week. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



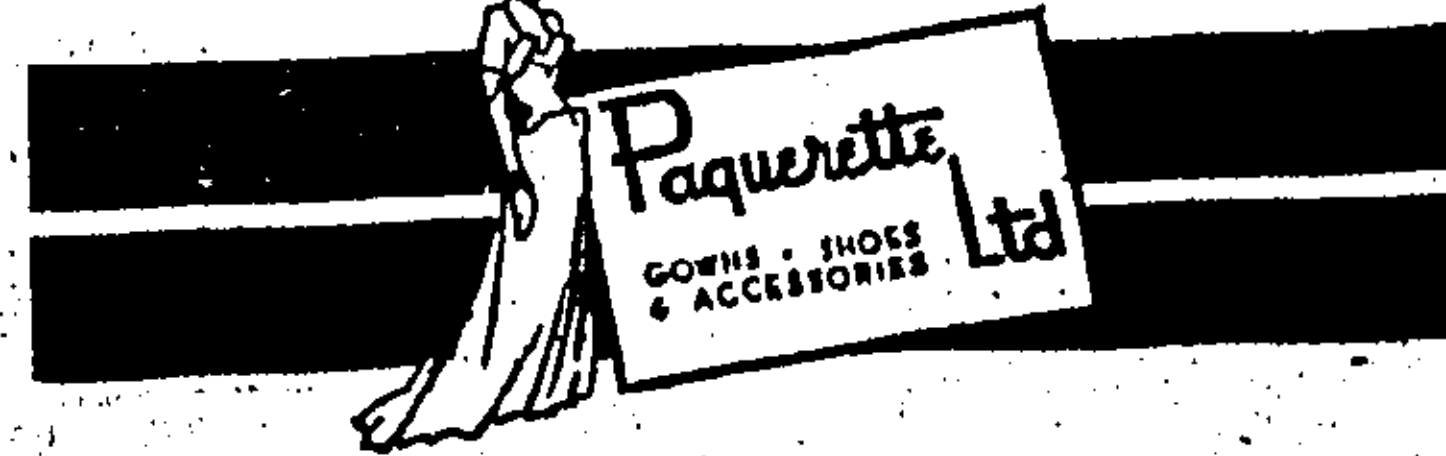
MR F. Wandres and Miss Thereso Maria Rosario, who were married last Sunday at St Margaret's Church. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

GLOVES BY FOWNES

GOWN BY BRENNER
SPORTS

Strapless full evening dress in lime green taffeta under black chiffon skirt and net bodice beapinkled with jet beads and patterned with black braid and jet.

exclusively at



GROUP picture taken at the wedding of Mr and Mrs Chung Hing-chuen at St Teresa's Church. The groom is the brother of Mr Chung King-pui, of the Secretariat for Chinese Affairs. (Mainland Studio)



PICTURE TAKEN after the wedding at the Registry on Monday of Dr Basil William Thompson and Miss Edith Kathleen Pollock. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



A scene from "An Evening in Cathay" which Miss Averil Tong and others will present at the Rosary Church Club Hall this evening.

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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

SPRING COMES TO PARIS

By Joan Erskine



The girl on the left wears a chunky black and white checked jacket over a light black skirt, with huge floppy straw hat at the neck, and a plain black beret. Next to her, the girl in the side-dipping straw hat wears a belted suit, the front of the blouse slightly higher than the back. She is with a child whose long hair is looped back on her head, and whose suit is lemon and royal-blue. A plain checked sweater coat is next to be noticed, worn with thick brown and white shoes and heavy short socks. The girl watching her friend pick a book from an open-air stall on the right is wearing a short full coat with deep cowed hood, in navy and white tiny check, faced with white.

PARIS. SPRING comes to Paris, and, so they say, it is the ideal time to visit the charms and gaieties of the native city of chic. But if you drink coffee in the Piccadilly of Paris, outside the cafe de la Paix, hoping to see elegant Parisiennes sauntering by, you will be frustrated. The beautifully dressed women who pass are mostly English and American. The natives of Paris have retreated to the South, before the avalanche of tourists sweeping into the city.

But the young ladies under 12 years of age keep up the Parisienne's reputation. These diminutive replicas of their attractive mothers are dressed in the height of fashion, in cases, sweaters, coats, or most often, in a suit with straight jacket and all-round pleated skirt—like the famous design by Molyneux. Whether they were two years old or ten, these children had poise, assurance and manners.

Away from fashionable Paris clustered around Champs Elysees and the fashion houses across on the Left bank we found our smart girls walking along in brilliant sunshine, with a cool breeze blowing over the Seine.

bags, too, made of basket, strengthened with leather. We liked the summer hats with huge basket brims and draped silk crowns with long scarf ends.

Hat pins of fantasy are to be seen, often topped with delicate feather flowers, glass birds, platted straw bobbles and bunches of grass. Tiny wrist-length gloves are everywhere. In one window alone we saw over thirty different colours. Prices are extremely cheap compared with London's.

The colour of the season is tangerine—though we cannot imagine why! Bone necklaces and bracelets are in the new shade, and one milliner produced a hatpin with an outsize tangerine (imitation) on the end!



Also seen is this cream linen dress with hip-pockets, buttoned cuffs, deep collar, with basket hat and bag, suede gloves and dainty strapped shoes.

Thick necklaces of clustered iridescent beads made of blown glass seem to be ousting pearls from their time-honoured place. Hats are, of course, charming, and many were well under £1 (or 1,000 francs). The two favourite shapes at the moment are the tiny jockey cap, and a modified version of a tropical topee. The latter manage to look right anywhere.

WE LIKED: The clean open markets where the vegetables are scrubbed clean before being sold. Creamy yellow butter in fanciful shapes, and at fanciful prices. Huge bunches of bananas—ours for the asking. Golf leather handbags, at about £2—better for less than in London.

WE WERE GRATIFIED TO FIND: That the pastries are still among the most delectable in the world. (Where in England today can the shopkeepers drench your sponge cake in rum before giving it to you?) That the cream is real, even if the prices are high, and service is given with charm and courtesy. WE WERE FASCINATED BY: A Frenchman in a village outside Paris, dressed in blue linen smock, bare and heavy wooden clogs. He knelt in front of a box filled with many coloured flowers and for 15 fr. would make a posy in any colours you liked, blending them together with an artist's touch. AND WE TOOK BACK WITH US: Several pairs of the well-made white hand-knitted socks that are worn by all French cyclists, hikers, soldiers and children. A hat with a basket brim... A sweater with a fabric body and knitted welt... An armful of fashion magazines... And the sincere wish that the English would make their bread by the yard, too.

She's lovely—even at forty

"MIDDLE AGED." There was a time, not so long ago, when those words had such a dreary connotation that they must have made a woman shudder with dread of reaching that period in life when they would apply to her. But—or have you noticed?—a great change in the general attitude toward the forties, the fifties and even the sixties seems to have taken place.

No doubt there are many reasons. Perhaps American women are growing up and away from being a nation of youth worshippers, and are more aware of the richness of maturity.

VITAL TIME

Surely, too, increasing numbers of the women who are reaching the middle years nowadays are demonstrating to themselves and their special world that this can be the most vital and rewarding period they've known in all their living.

They don't waste their precious time and energies bemoaning their lost youth. They're too busy making the most of the present, having glimpsed, by this time, to gain some insight and wisdom that gives them a creative viewpoint toward living. They take care of their looks, as a matter of course—not frantically trying to look absurdly young, but appreciating whatever of beauty is theirs enough to nurture it with the materials modern science is providing so bountifully.

Nowadays, you often hear that high praise, "She's beautiful!" spoken of women over 40—who may not even have been especially noticed when they were younger. And the chances are—if you asked those women for their "secret," they'd tell you that, so far as their skin care goes, they have found a good hormone cream and/or oil, and wouldn't be without either or both.

Some of the most interesting cases are busy women who put in long hours of work away from home every day, yet to look at the skin of their faces, throats, hands and arms, you'd think they spent most of their time being pampered in luxury.

24-HOUR PROGRAMME

The trick is, they keep up a 24-hour programme of skin care using hormone cream for night use and the hormone oil for daytime. The oil has the unusual virtue of apparently disappearing into the skin so that it can be used either as a powder foundation or under a makeup. Or it can be used as a night treatment by those who dislike wearing a cream coated skin to bed.

By Virginia Baxter

DUAL-ROLE TWO-PIECE



By Vera Winston

A GOOD choice for the traveller is this two-piece setup that makes a good late afternoon into evening affair. The blouse is of soft pink georgette and has horizontal tucking below a very simple round neck that barely covers the shoulders. The navy tulle skirt is pleated all around, and the belt of crushed navy tulle, is leather lined.

HAND-KNITTED DRESSES HAVE COME BACK

by EILEEN ASCROFT

INTERESTING new fashion revival is the hand-knitted suit and dress. The Americans are particularly enamoured of these smart, hard-wearing, cosy garments, and are buying eagerly from Paris and London.

In Paris Madame Anny Blatt uses hundreds of home knitters to turn out replicas of her spring collection. In addition to tailored suits and dresses for summer, she includes many hot weather models in a gamut of lace design delicately backed with chiffon or net. She reports that suits are top favourites with New Yorkers, then tailored dresses.

In London Madame Madeleine's spring collection includes authentic tarian knitted suits, beautiful pleated skirts and jackets in tweed reproductions and afternoon and evening models in fine lace wool. She says that one advantage of handknits is that dresses can be shortened or lengthened according to current fashions without her troubles and, as they last almost for ever, they need to be adaptable. Although America buys almost her whole export output, one big London store has been able to persuade her to make them a collection of ready-made. For the first time since 1939 a famous Scottish wholesale firm has produced a spring collection of tailored knit suits. Classically simple in design, they are made in a very fine jacquard stitch in a blended mixture of angora hair and super botany yarn. Suits are non-stretch, non-shrink and can be either dry-cleaned or laundered.

Colour combinations include Highland green and white, Oxford grey with primrose and donkey brown with canary.

From New York

HOLY YEAR is influencing many New York fashions. Wayne Forrest veils cut hair with a nun's coil and a fake stone over a glove emulates a

prelate's ring. Skull caps are made of cardinal red satin, short cascade coats of violet velvet. Lingerie designer Thelma Towl revolutionises sleeping wear with her new Bree-zee. Sleeveless, it comes in one size to fit any figure.

"Breakfast Skirts which tie on like giant petals, aprons, make glamorous morning ensembles. Walter Florell's spring hats sprout fruit and vegetables as big as headlights, and even brightly illustrated seed catalogues. A gay carrot perches on the brim of a straw braided sun helmet (made incidentally of feathers) and a downy peach decorates a burnt millan roller.

Best-hatted 12 in U.S.A.

SWEETHEART Sailors are favourites in New York, with heart-shaped brims, making a new, used for tiny bonnets scattered with black bows. Shantung straw is combined with velvet for summer specials, and navy and white appears again and again in the woven straws. There are also many versions of Dior's Coolie model and Desse's French Porter cap. Leading milliners of New York have just chosen the 12 "Best chapeaued women in America."

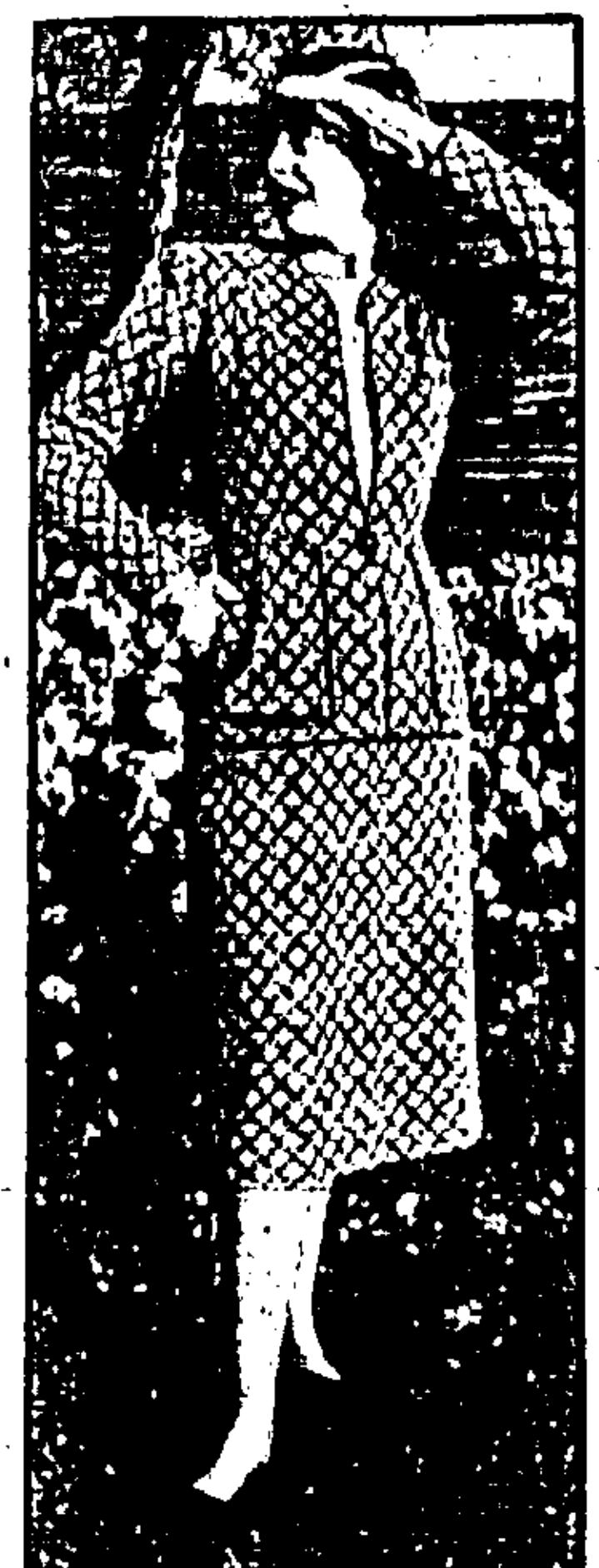
They include Mrs. Lauritz Melchior, Sarah Churchill, Virginia Mayo, Grace Allen and Gloria Swanson.

Seven-day strip

OTHER fashion flashes from the U.S.A. tell of Pierre Balmain's Around the Week dress, which has seven skirts, worn one on top of another in a rainbow of bright colours. Dress strips from an outer skirt of black lace down to a reed-slim white plique sheath.

Zabrettes are latest nylon news. Striped across heel and toes in black, green, red, navy and platinum grey, they look stunning with short evening skirts and cut-away shoes.

Quick-change summer parasols are being made with as many as



A classic knitted suit by Pringle in a three-colour diamond overcheck pattern.

50 coloured slip covers to tone with every wardrobe. Spring fur feature is the circular-cut cape with bolero front, small sleeves and cape back.

One of the first by Cyril Woolf was worn by Viscountess Scarsdale at the opening of Parisian. The 100 percent purchase tax will prevent most Englishwomen from buying the new too distinctive coloured furs so popular at present in New York and Paris.

(London Express Service)

Straws Are In The Wind

PARIS is using straw accessories lavishly. Straw accessories underline the importance of this medium, hats taken for spring. Straw cuffs, collars and handbags, in addition to cuffs on gloves match many of the new Paris hats. Not only are straws numerically important, easily making over 60 percent of all hats, but they are also more varied than in decades and stress quality.

Exotics, especially bullfinch, and peacock lead among the classics. There is considerable leg-horn, while crin worked in an old-fashioned technique which conceals stitches and gives opacity has staged a big comeback. Coarse pebbles are less frequent than finer rustic straws.

Among novelties there is wide use of thin shiny straw blades like old-time soda straws, backed against a lining for

entire hats. What Paris calls Straw Shavings, resembling fine wood shavings, are used for matted feathery effects in the same way as feather pads are used. Shaggy straw like a thatched roofing or shorter straw like grass or moss are also present. Rigolo appears in several collections, often interpreted with other types of straw, and is also used separately as ribbon.

Straw laces and also flowers, foliage, and feathery fanes are numerous, while straw sequins cover entire crowns.

Except for pleats, which are often in deep colours or black, and crin, which is usually in pastels, natural shades are preferred in straws from the near-white or exotics to deep golden and burnt almond tones for rustics.

Straw laces resembling such fabrics as rustics, shantung or toiles are also much used.

Pearls Fit All Style Whims

AS every woman knows there is nothing so adaptable to the whimsical quirks of fashion as pearls. Wear several scatter pins on a lapel... two or three on a hat band... or to fasten a scarf in an interesting unusual way use the double and atlekin that has pearl clusters on each end... or highlight your belt with several scatter pins.

Pearl earrings, so important now that women have discovered how convenient and flattering short hair is, come in the popular ball design or in clusters.

COTTON CREPE
"VAN HEUSEN"
COLLARITE
SHIRTS

WITH LONG OR SHORT SLEEVES
IN FOUR ATTRACTIVE COLOURS.
TOGETHER WITH SOME IDEAS IN
TIES, THEY ARE NOW ON SHOW
AT

MACKINTOSH'S
13, CHATER ROAD
(Between Moutrie's and Kelly & Walsh's)

Revlon introduces

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"GENIUS" WONDER COLOURS
"LASTRON" LONG-LIFE NAIL ENAMEL
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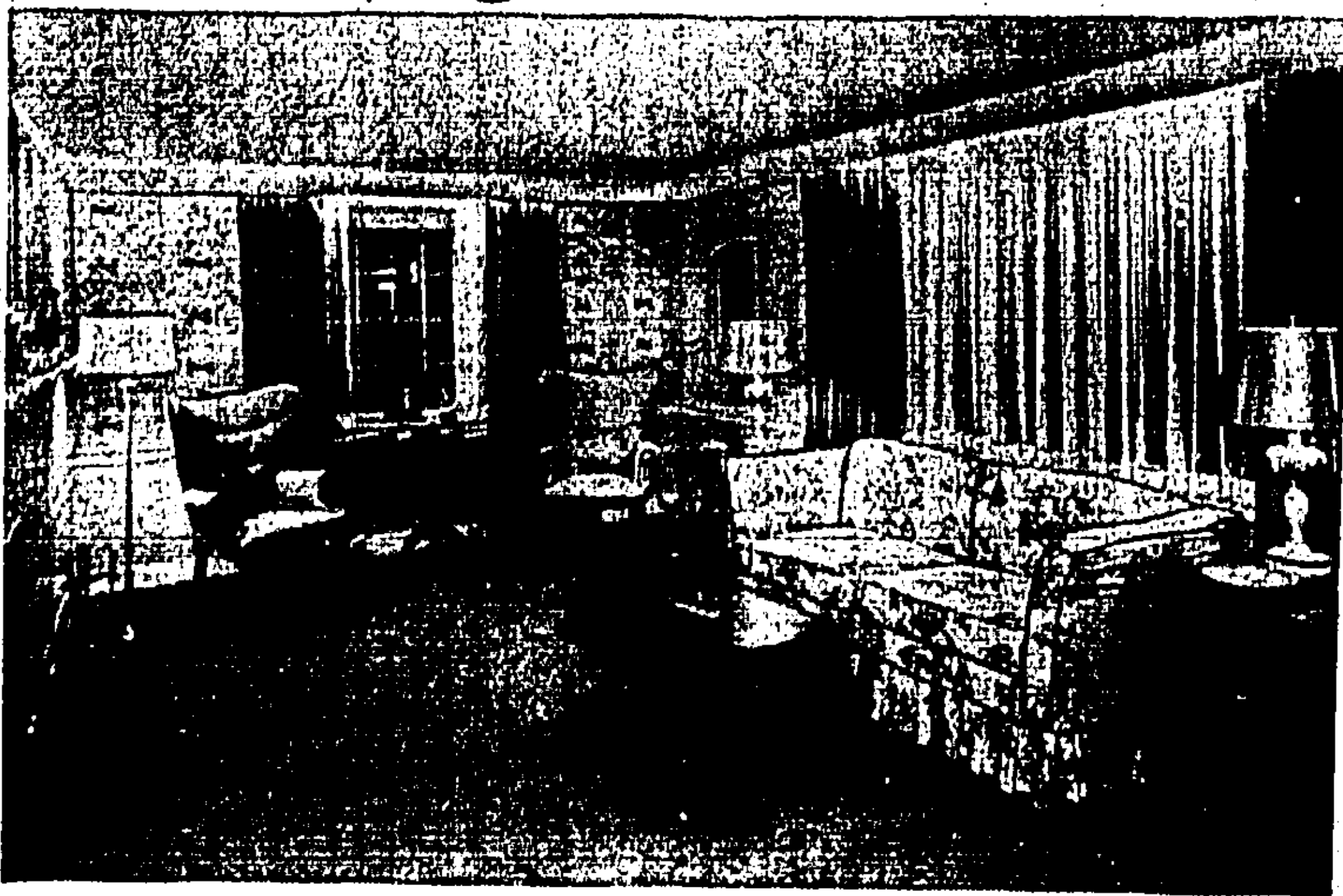
100-YEAR-OLD DOUBLE
PURPOSE DIAMONDS

DIAMONDS with a double purpose are shown in this picture of a tiara which was auctioned in London. When not in use as a tiara, the five sections can be detached to form brooches and clips: the two large pear-shaped diamonds can be used as earrings.

The tiara has been in Lord Southesk's family nearly 100 years—London Express Service.

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

Soft Light & Comfort



THE THREE WALLS OF THIS LIVING ROOM have cornice-concealed fluorescent lighting for soft "see-ability." Two picture windows and a fireplace make it thoroughly delightful whether in winter or summer.

FLUORESCENT lighting, so much used in the modern home now, gives both the desired end of artistic and soft soothing effect. In these three pictures it plays an important role in the comfort of home life.

Fooling the housewife

AN outbreak of false descriptions of certain goods should make shoppers extra wary that they are really buying what they want.

Most common "howlers," according to the Retail Trading Standards Association, are lines used to describe rayon made in imitation of linen; silk used without the qualifying prefix artificial; "Shantung" for describing the rayon imitation of the wild silk material imported from China; and silk poplin to describe men's shirts made entirely of cotton.

Other misleading terms to watch for are "Camel hair and wool," often used to describe coats and rugs with the minimum of camel hair, and "Cashmere and wool," when goods may contain only 15 to 20 percent of cashmere.

Stockings are perhaps the worst offenders, and "Silk and rayon" hose should be carefully examined, as some stockings thus described, in reality contain up to 85 or 90 percent rayon.

To Greet The Spring

...wear a spray of mimosa, real or artificial, and match with yellow gloves.

...try the new Flamenco tangerine lipstick and team it with a scarf or accessories.

...give last year's white hat a springclean and treat it to a new trimming.

...invest in some white plique to trim navy or black suits and dresses.

...trim your figure by cutting out starch and remembering your daily dozen.

...invest in a Turkish bath to clear your skin, a facial to tone it, and fresh-air exercise to give it a sparkle.

Mother And Authoress

Popular, vivacious, Bebe Daniels, radio and variety artist, is successful wife and mother and delightful hostess, for adding the title of authoress to her other activities.

Recently together with Jill Allgood, she published a delightful book called 282 Ways of Making a Salad—the ideal Easter egg for a salad fancier.

In this green, waterproof-covered book, she has collected salad recipes from masses of British and American personalities.

From tennis star Kny Stammers comes Winter Salad consisting of one large lettuce, two eating apples diced, and two celery hearts thinly sliced, all mixed together and served with French dressing.

Comedian Wilfred Pickles contributes Have a Go Mixed Salad of lettuce, cress, radishes, Spring onions, hard-boiled eggs and tomatoes mixed in a bowl with salad cream, and, if desired, pickles.

And from Bebe's own husband, Ben Lyon, comes Crayfish Salad... "Cook crayfish, shell, chill and mix with shredded lettuce. Place on a bed of cos lettuce leaves and pour over mayonnaise mixed with ketchup."

Pamela Blake Offers: NEW IDEAS FOR FLOORS AND COLOUR SCHEMES

FLOORING is a problem in new houses where the floors are of concrete, due to present restrictions on wood flooring. Asphalt tiles, as a substitute for linoleum, are suitable for any room. They are reasonably warm, easy to keep clean, and are obtainable in a pleasing range of colours and designs.

A jointless flooring of wood and rubber not affected by heat, is fireproof, dustless and heat-retaining, and is also available in a wide range of colours either plain, mottled or in a feather design.

Colour dictionary

HOME colour-schemeing is simplified by the first Dictionary of Colours for Interior Decoration. Produced by the British Colour Council it con-

tains 378 sample colours, shown on matt and shiny paint surfaces, with matching samples of pile carpet.

The dictionary will be of particular interest to architects and interior designers, and also to people planning their homes. Several of the big stores have already ordered copies for their interior decoration departments.

Inexpensive luxuries

FOR the Linen Cupboard... even if your linen is not as beautiful as your grandmother's, you can still have it initiated and monogrammed quite reasonably. The shop that does this, the Queens Elizabeth and Mary ship shops with fine linens which sell out on each dollar trip.

serve, when, how and with what, also how to choose, buy and keep your bottles. A little booklet, *Fine Drinking* does this.

Other people's homes

BUILT for Lord Melbourne in 1770 and converted into bachelor chambers in 1800, The Albany, a stately Regency building in the heart of Piccadilly, has an atmosphere all its own.

It is the first thing that strikes you as you enter—the cathedral-like calm—the peaceful atmosphere. The chambers were designed primarily for studying, so animals, women and children were not allowed.

Today there is still a ban on animals and children, but many women live there. Television announcer Mary Malcolm's home is half-hidden by daffodils. The small garden is full of them, so are the window boxes.

Books are everywhere. They line the walls on both sides of the fireplace in the lounge. They are piled high on her husband's enormous writing desk by the bay windows.

Most outstanding item in the bedroom is a beautiful patchwork quilt of muted pinks and blues made by village school-children.

Cats about the house

FOR the Garden... nostalgic gifts to friends abroad are English strawberry plants which can be sent to any part of the world sealed dry in a special new wrapping material.

FOR the Wine Cupboard... Now that good wines are cheap enough for home entertaining, it is important to know what to

LATEST fashion among New York cat keepers is the "Scratch Patch," to save furniture and entertain puss when left alone. It consists of a board partly covered with catnip impregnated carpet and a plastic leath decorated with beads and bell.

(London Express Service)

Ice Cream Is A Party Sparkle

By ALICE DENHOFF

ICE cream adds sparkle but little extra work to party meals.

Ice Cream Surprise Cake, a fine finish to a party dinner, or a nice gesture as an evening refreshment, comes first.

To serve 8, bake or buy a sponge or chiffon cake, oblong or round, about 5 inches deep, and of a size that will fit into your refrigerator freezing compartment. Place on a heavy piece of cardboard and chill thoroughly. When well-chilled, cut a 1/4-inch slice from top, and set it aside, then carefully cut out the centre, leaving a shell about 1/4 inch thick. Fill centre of cake with strawberry ice cream, packing it in firmly and evenly. Then cover the ice cream with the top slice of cake, pressing firmly in place. Frost top and sides quickly with butter cream frosting. Sprinkle with tsp. tiny multi-coloured candles. Slice cake in freezing compartment of refrigerator, set for freezing, and freeze several hours.

To make frosting, work 3 tsp. butter to a soft cream with 1/4 c. sugar taken from 2 1/2 c. sifted confectioners' sugar. Then add a little cream taken from 1/2 c. heavy cream scalded, beating it in. Add the rest of the sugar and the cream, alternately, beating the frosting until it is fluffy, smooth and thick enough to spread without running. If necessary, add a little more sugar.

Holiday Parfait for 6, next. After you bring a quart of vanilla ice cream back from the store, place it at once in the freezing compartment of your refrigerator, set for freezing, until ready to use. Mix 2 c. tinned, crushed pineapple with few drops green food colouring to make it a pale green, and flavour with 1/2 tsp. peppermint extract. Whip 1/2 pint heavy cream until stiff, colour rose red with food colouring, and sweeten with 3 tsp. powdered sugar. When ready to serve, fill parfait glasses with alternate layers of ice cream and pineapple. Top with a swirl of the whipped cream, and then with a maraschino cherry or a piece of green citron.

For a wonderful sweet to serve 8-10, divide 2 qt. vanilla or egg-nog ice cream into 2 parts. Line a deep freezing refrigerator tray with heavy waxed paper, letting paper extend over edge of tray. Place 1/2 the ice cream in tray, smoothing down evenly. Mix one c. macaroon crumbs with 1/2 c. orange juice and one c. finely chopped, candied mixed fruit, making a spready paste. Add more orange juice if necessary. Cover with remaining ice cream, smooth down, and

Test Your Emotional Maturity

NEW YORK

IF you have "stick-to-itiveness," reliability and a number of other qualities, you are emotionally mature, Dr. Edward A. Strecker, head of the department of psychiatry of the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine, said recently.

Dr. Strecker listed the following as the "personality qualities" of emotional maturity:

• "It is stick-to-itiveness, the ability to stick to a job, to work on it, and to struggle through until it is finished, or until one has given all one has in the endeavour."

• "It is the quality or capacity of giving more than is asked or required in a given situation. It is reliability."

• "Persistence is an aspect of maturity: Persistence to carry out a goal in the face of difficulties."

• "Endurance enters into the concept of maturity: the endurance of difficulties, unpleasantness, discomfort, frustration, hardship."

Dr. Strecker declared that "the attainment of emotional maturity for a larger and increasing number of American citizens is the most important consideration that I know of."



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Sweet Tooth

By GARRY CLEVELAND MYERS, Ph.D.

TWENTY years ago parents were told not to bother with a toothbrush for ourselves or our children except for aesthetic purposes. All we needed to do was to eat proper foods being sure we had the necessary vitamins. Whereas grandpas tried to keep candy from our children especially between meals, there has not been recent years much warning against sweets, and there have been growing allurements among sweets for children.

Yet some rather recent studies of tooth decay indicate that while proper foods create in teeth considerable resistance to decay, the leading other cause of tooth decay is sugar in the mouth.

Summarised Studies

In Science News Letter are summarised studies by Drs. H. W. Haggard and Leon A. Greenberg of Yale University. These scientists are not dentists, they are physiologists. They assume that if sugar is a cause

of tooth decay, the damage it will do the teeth will be related to how much sugar is in the mouth, especially to how long it stays there.

They found that a caramel and orange juice brought to the saliva almost the same high content of sugar. But there was almost no sugar left in the saliva from orange juice after 20 minutes, while there was considerable still in the saliva from the caramel after 45 minutes. When, however, the teeth and mouth were thoroughly brushed and washed after eating the caramel, the sugar concentration in the saliva dropped to zero.

These scientists point out that trying to avoid tooth decay by avoiding sugars is impractical, since almost all starch foods produce sugar in the mouth. After a mixed meal, for example, it took 45 minutes before the sugar in the saliva practically disappeared.

They conclude that if you have a sweet tooth and want to satisfy it you should use a toothbrush and mouth rinse immediately afterwards if you wish to avoid tooth decay.

Brushing Time

But with so many ways by which children get sweets any time in the day, it is not very practical to hope that they will always brush their teeth right away after taking a soft drink, ice-cream cone, chewing gum, cookie or piece of candy. Of course, if we can limit their consumption of sweets and most other foods to mealtime it would be easier to train them to brush their teeth at proper times.

It is obvious that the traditional ritual of brushing the teeth the first thing on rising in the morning and no more till the next morning, perhaps, has little sense to it. It were better for us and our children to brush the teeth after each meal and at bedtime.



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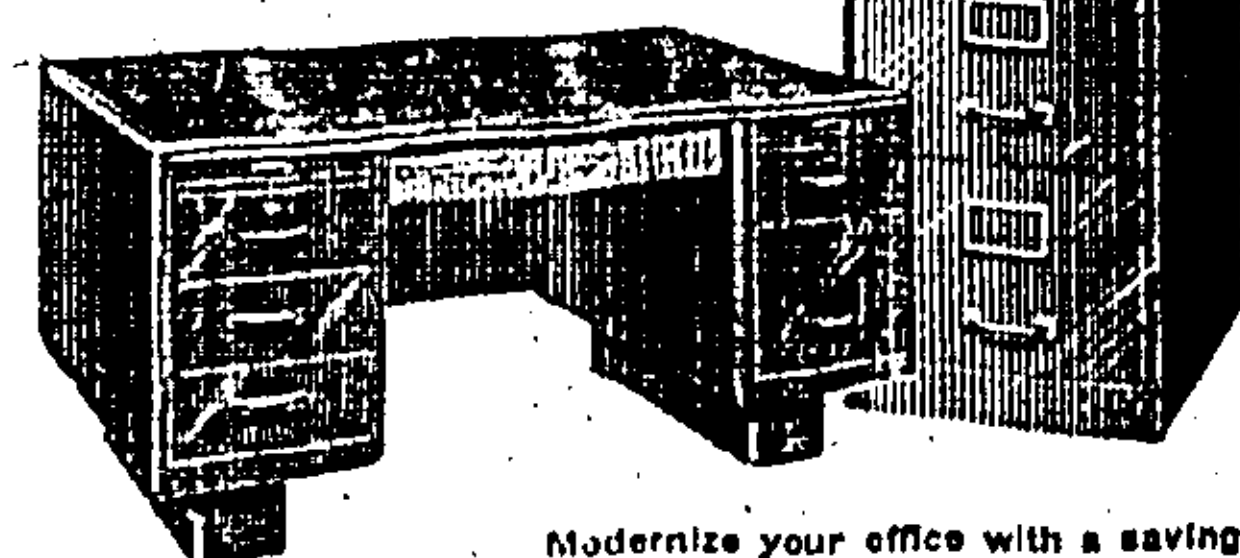
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LT-GEN. Sir Robert Mansergh, GOC-in-Chief, inspecting recruits at last Saturday's Police Training School passing out parade. In upper right-hand picture, Marine Police recruits march past. Immediately to the right, Gen. Mansergh presents a silver whistle to PC Tsoi Tit-man for being the best all-round recruit. On far right, Sub-Inspr. D. B. Smith receives his lifesaving certificate. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



THE San Miguel darts league was won by 119 LAA Battery, Royal Artillery. Upper picture shows the presentation of prizes at Shamshuipo last week. Some of those who attended the function are seen in lower picture. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



SCENE from the Hongkong Stage Club's production of the Patrick Hamilton play, "Gaslight." The play was presented last week at the China Floor Club Theatre. (Ming Yuen)



MR Hin-shing Lo, President of Queen's College Old Boys' Association, speaking at the annual dinner of the Association last week. Right: Class 1 members who won prizes in sports and studies. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



AN amusing dance at the ladies' festival of Lodge Eastern Scotia, held in the Hongkong Hotel last Saturday. Right: Lodge officials and ladies being piped in to dinner. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



AT the presentation of tennis trophies at the Hongkong University on Wednesday. Norman Lo (centre) singles champion, also won the doubles partnered by his brother Donald (right), and the mixed doubles partnered by Miss Rita Lo. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

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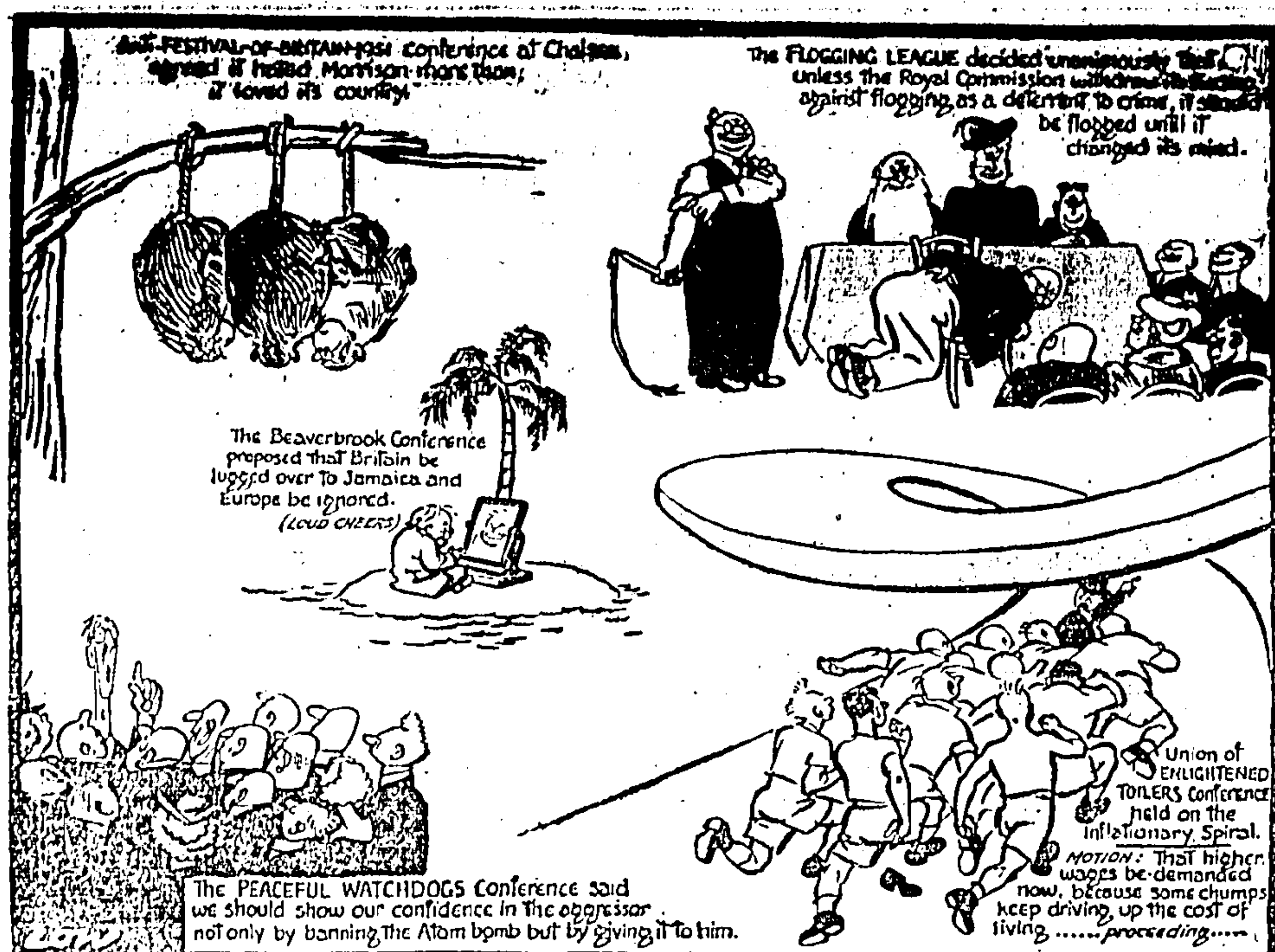
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MR U Tat-chee speaking at the dinner given by the Chinese Manufacturers' Union to delegates leaving for England to attend the British Industries Fair. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MISS Linda Christian, the film actress, with Roxy Theatre officials and guests at the gala premiere of the Academy Award film, "All The King's Men." (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



SEASON FOR CONFERENCES

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CAN YOU SUCCEED TOO YOUNG?

20 NO—there's more time in hand to do better still

22 NO—Urgency is the key to it all—so I hurry

26 NO—it makes you much more careful later on

CAN SUCCESS come too soon? When the garland of early glory withers—what then? Remember the tragic words of A. E. Housman:

"And early though the laurel grows,
It withers quicker than the rose....
Runners whom renown outlast,
And the name died before the man...."
Here, three people to whom success has come early ignore its sad cynicism and look forward to the challenge of the arriving years.

EVER since Evelyn Waugh went down from Oxford to reap a rich and early harvest as a brilliant satirist, undergraduates have tried desperately to emulate his example, to become legends while still alive.

I know of only one who has carried this dream into reality in his own post-war generation. His name: KENNETH PEACOCK TYNAN. An ex-secretary of the Oxford Union, he is the only man in its history to be asked to speak in four consecutive Eights Week debates. These are famous for their wit and levity; other speakers, Mr. Ronald Knox, Charles Morgan, Gillie Potter.

Down from Oxford 15 months ago, he went to Paris, produced "Samson Agonistes," "Winter-set," "Medea" for the Comedie des Champs-Élysées.

Then he returned to England for 28 weeks, produced a play a week for a repertory company. Orson Welles has written a preface to his book on drama, out this summer. He is under contract for another book. He has produced Roger Livesey in "Citizen of the World," at the Lyric, Hammer-smith.

Next month, he flies to Salzburg to produce a play there, returns to put on "Macbeth" in London, to produce a Picasso play.

Tynan is 22. Can he keep on?

Tall mop-haired, a grey corduroy tie, the only sign of earlier dress affectations (at Oxford he wore a golden shirt, a green suit), he cleaves the air with his hands in his St John's Wood flat to give emphasis to his philosophy:

"You can't have success too early. Success to me means enough money to live on for two years so I needn't bother about being successful."

"If success had waited any longer, I shouldn't have been ready for it. A paradox? No, I want it young. I work on the assumption that I'll be dead at 30. That gives me eight more years to do all the things I want to."

It IS a risk—but worth it

"Nowadays if anyone tries to go after something he wants young he becomes a target for criticism. This isn't the age of the common man. My dear chap, it's the age of the dwarf."

"I like urgency. Living is an urgent thing. Success is no good next year. We may not be here then. Let's have it now...."

THE AUTHOR

IN a little Essex cottage a pretty blonde girl with long ear-rings faces a tricky problem.

She is EMMA SMITH, at 26 author of two books, and winner of three top literary prizes: the John Llewelyn Rhys Memorial Prize, the 1,000 Dollar Atlantic Award and now this year she becomes the youngest woman ever to win the James Tait Black Memorial Prize.

Her problem: To write a third book that will topple the critical shots from the lockers of the doubters who say: "It's just luck, old boy. She can't do it three times running."

Her problem is not made easier by the knowledge that she is the only one who can help herself. No one else can.

She is doing this in solitude, shut away in her country cottage.

Shy, modest about her success, her hopes, she gives this opinion on early success:

"I don't think a writer who is any good is ever satisfied with what he produces. One always tries to do better, to prune and polish, you know. So an early success only makes you more careful."

How did she score her great success? She wrote

from her own experiences her personal reactions. During the war she worked as a bargewoman with two other girls on the Grand Union Canal, wrote of her adventures. People liked her style, asked for more.

Then she went to India with a documentary film company, used her knowledge of the country, her own memories of childhood, her intense gentleness of feeling, to build up a tremendous novel about a lonely little girl who went to India.

"Maiden's Trip," "The Far Cry".... Now it is the third time of asking. Can she do it again?

THE MOTORIST

UNDER the dripping sky, the white concrete track shimmered like a river. Canvas posters flap in the rain. The throaty exhausts of the racing cars, crackle like calico tearing.

The cars slam down the straight, accelerate into the first bend and are away. Behind them, only a thin smell of hot rubber and rain remains.

That was the scene at Goodwood, where 20-year-old STIRLING CHAUFORD MOSS drove a two-litre BMW—and was second in his race.

For him it was an important day. It was the first time he had raced anything more powerful than a one-litre car. And with one-litre (1,000 c.c.) and half-litre "midget" racers he has carved out a career for himself among the giants of speed.

In the last two years he has won 50 of the 54 races he entered. He has raced in Switzerland, in Italy, in Holland. He is by years Britain's youngest successful professional racing driver.

Can he keep on being successful now he drives the bigger stuff, simply built, keen on jiu-jitsu, favours easy sporty clothes, speaks casually of his career.

"I sold a sports car to buy my first Cooper 500 c.c. racing job. No one took me very seriously. I was only 18, you see, but I wanted to become a full-time racing driver."

"I won my first race, 'Just luck,' people said. So I did my best and won some more. I've made enough out of prizes and started to buy a lorry to transport my car about from race to race. And I have my own mechanic now, too."

"I don't think success can come too young in motor racing. You see, you're always learning. You never know it all."

"Besides, I'm young now. I

want to give it, say, three years all told. Then, if I don't make out, I'm just a flash in the pan, I'll quit. I'll still be young enough then, anyhow, to start in and have a try at something else. Early success makes you careful. The higher up you are the further you have to fall. See what I mean?..."

WHAT is it these three young and successful people have learned?

SUCCESS is a heady, risky, intoxicating thing. And as in the pursuit of happiness, one is never quite sure of it.

—(London Express Service)

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE DIAMOND HORSESHOE

Story without comment...

by BILLY ROSE

THIS morning I got a story from a young lady in Canada which I'd like to pass on without comment.

Two weeks ago she and her fiancé were strolling through a narrow street in lower Quebec when they noticed they were being followed by a child of about four. When they asked the little girl her name, she said it was Monique and that she lived close by.

The child was wearing a patched-up coat and a cheap print dress, and, acting on impulse, the couple took her to a nearby shop and ordered a complete outfit for her—hand-slip, silk socks, large hair ribbon, elegant leather shoes and an absurd little handbag.

Getting a dress to fit Monique, however, was a bit difficult—she was smaller than the average four-year-old, yet a No. 3 was too tight.

But the saleslady told them not to worry—Monique's mamma could easily take in the waist on each side and make it fit perfectly.

In parting, the pair gave the little girl a box of candy with a note to her mamma explaining that the clothes were gifts from two people who had fallen in love with her daughter, and wanted her to have a new outfit for church.

Two days later the couple were on their way to a ski run when their taxi was held up at



Prof. Katz and I test the Writing Machine...

THE CHAPMAN PINCHER COLUMN

IF it takes you four seconds to write your normal signature, how long will it take you to write it five times bigger? The answer, according to Stockholm University psychologist Professor DAVID KATZ, is that you will write both signatures in exactly the same time.

Your hand and mind adjust themselves to the change with such astonishing precision that the total time of writing does not alter.

Katz discovered this by means of an ingenious machine called the scriptochronograph, which he has devised for the scientific study of handwriting.

A steel-pointed pen, linked electrically with a timing device, records exactly how long you take to write each letter—even to the dotting of an "i."

As the professor proved to me during tests with the machine in his laboratory, if you deliberately write very fast or very slow the rhythm of your writing remains unchanged.

Example: The percentage of the time you spend doing the "d" when writing the word London is the same, whether you write the word in five seconds or 50.

These discoveries are of the greatest importance to the study of how the brain works. They suggest that the mind visualises words as entities, not as strings of separate letters. For more practical purposes, Katz and his assistants are using the scriptochronograph in three investigations:

1 To discover how mental ailments affect the speed of writing.
2 To study "writer's cramp."
3 To test whether writing speed is linked with character.

Reputable psychologists admit that the interpretation of handwriting is wide open to fancy, but most of them believe it is worth serious study.

Handwriting is really brain writing, they argue. So if a person's character can be deduced from his gestures, it should certainly be revealed by his script, which is crystallised gesture.

an intersection in lower Quebec to let a hearse and several carriages pass.

It was a white, horse-drawn vehicle with a good deal of scrollwork, and through the glass sides they could see what was obviously a child's coffin. On the back of the hearse was the name "Adele" in gold letters.

The driver mentioned that he knew the parents of the child, and that her death hadn't been unexpected.

The youngster had had tuberculosis and the parents had been saving for a "nice funeral," but unfortunately they hadn't been able to save much because she had died six months sooner than the doctor predicted.

"Well, then," said the young man, "how are they going to pay for this expensive funeral?"

"They will pay for it somehow," said the driver. "Rich or poor, a man does bury his child like a pauper. Somehow, they will find a way—"

"For example," he went on, "only last week Adele's mamma told my cousin that if her daughter were to die suddenly, she wouldn't have a decent thing in which to lay out the body."

—(London Express Service)

German graphologist (hand-writing expert) HERMANN SEICHTER is therefore using the scriptochronograph to study the handwriting of criminals, neurotics, and other interesting characters.

His professional opinion of ten lines of writing signed—

Chapman Pincher

"The script of an intelligent but over-ambitious man who dissipates his energy trying to know too much."

Just to put the handwriting of a handwriting expert on the record here is Seichter's signature:

Hermann Seichter

And a signature he begged me to send him for his "murderer's file":

John Hargreaves

BIRD TRAGEDY

★ TWO great-tits built a nest at the bottom of a six-foot vertical flue pipe in my garden last year. There are no claw-holds in the pipe's smooth lining. So the birds had to do a hell-of-a-take-off and landing on each of the thousands of insect-hunting trips they made to feed their voracious youngsters.

Towards the end of the 20-day nursing period the parents were almost exhausted. We could hear them half-clavelling, half-fluttering their way almost to the top of the pipe, only to fall back and try again.

Then a thunderstorm broke. After it we could hear no more chirpings inside the pipe. To my wife it seemed pitiful that the family should be drowned after the terrific effort the parents had made. To me the choice of such an impossible nesting site was just another demonstration that nature sometimes makes bad mistakes.

I cleaned out the pipe recently to forestall a further tragedy this year. Careful examination of the nest revealed only one "small skull. The rest of the brood had somehow been safely ferried out after all.

HURRICANE NEWS

★ A WARTIME American claim that super-hurricanes with speeds up to 200 miles an hour race just below the stratosphere, seven miles up, has been confirmed by meteorologists.

High-flying balloons, tracked by radar, have proved that the hurricanes are narrow jets of air which sometimes travel half across the world before petering out.

WING BEAT

★ THOSE mole-sized midges are bringing out best their wings more than 1,000 times a second, according to Dr O. SOTAVALLA. He calculates that only a rhythm of that tempo could account for the particular tone of the hum their wings generate.

MAN v. HORSE

★ HOW does a steeplechasing racehorse compare with an Olympic athlete for long jumping? Not so well as you would think, according to Royal Society physiologist Professor ARCHIBALD VIVIAN HILL.

The horse's maximum long jump seems to be 25ft., compared with the human record of 20ft. 8½ins., says Hill.

Even that astounding jumper the kangaroo covers no more ground per pound than a top-flight athlete.

WARMING UP

★ PROFESSOR HANS AHLMANN, the Swedish glaciologist whose revolutionary theory that the world has been getting warmer is now regarded as proved, is just back from a trip to Lapland's glaciers.

On his previous visit, the great glaciers which have been slowly retreating northwards for 30 years had suddenly stopped. A new advance of the ice and an end to the hotting-up looked likely.

But the latest measurements show that the check was temporary. The ice mass is on the move again, Ahlmann tells me—and still retreating.

—(London Express Service)

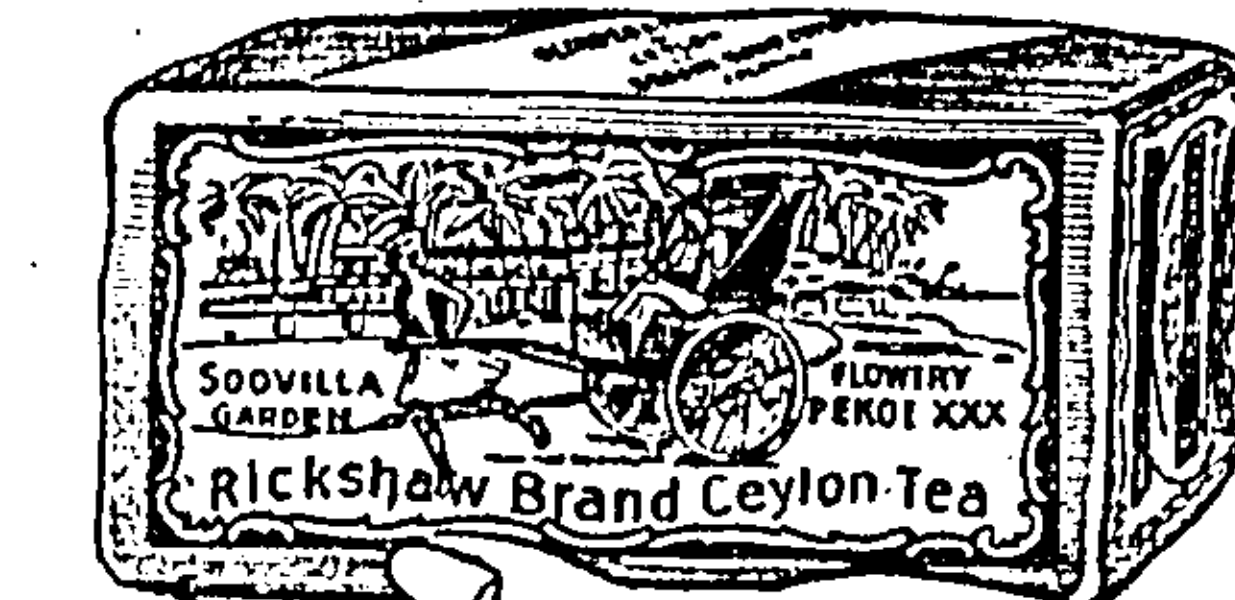
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"UNOMI" REVIEWS THE HIGHLIGHTS OF THE SOCCER SEASON

The local football season officially ended last week. Both the Senior and Junior League Championships have been decided, the few outstanding League games being cancelled. There is, however, one game down for decision tomorrow at Causeway Bay, the Victory Shield Final between United Services and the Hongkong Chinese Football Association.

The Shield competition, which is played on the best-of-three system, has the United Services as the present holders. In the first game of the series this season the Services won 6-2. Tomorrow the second game will be played and if the Chinese win or draw it will necessitate the deciding match being played off, probably next Saturday.

I think it the best way to close this column until next season rolls along again with a brief review of the leading achievements of the past season.

Kitchee have been the "team of the season." They have played a brand of soccer far superior to that of any other team in the Colony. Credit must also go to the Kowloon Motor Bus, Army and St. Joseph's for some sparkling performances. Commandos, Club and Navy are worth a pat on the back for the many spirited displays they have given—always triers and always good to watch.

ONE DEFEAT

In the Senior League, Kitchee reigned supreme, winning the Championship by a clear five points. They suffered one defeat only, being beaten 2-1 by their great rivals, the Kowloon Motor Bus.

Kitchee gathered 43 points out of a possible 48. Their success was largely due to their excellent defence which allowed only 10 goals to pass in League games.

Their forwards bagged the highest number of goals scored in the League—39 in all. In also winning the Senior Challenge Shield, Kitchee completed a worthy double. This Shield final will be long remembered. Their opponents were those day players, St. Joseph's, who at that time were plagued by injury.

Although Kitchee were the better team on performance in this final, a resolute St. Joseph's defence held out and it was only in the last few minutes that the winning goal was scored.

Kitchee always had the cream of local talent available and although praise must be given them for their many achievements this season the winning of every competition in which they entered was expected by the football fraternity.

What a pity that all these fine players are concentrated in one team! If they were spread over several teams it would do much to raise the interest in League games.

ON THEIR WAY OUT?

One thing was evident at the end of this season; many of Kitchee's stars are definitely on their way out. They are well past their best and if the Champions play their same men next season without introducing new players they will have great difficulty in retaining leadership of the League.

With such a fine record it was inevitable that Kitchee should supply the nucleus of the Combined Chinese side in the special competitions and with the addition of members of the other leading teams, the Chinese have had a very strong combination available.

To date they have swept everything before them with the exception of the Victory Shield, still to be decided. The Chinese beat Army by 5-3 in the Memorial Cup Final. They won the Governor's Cup by winning two of the series of three matches. The International Cup Final was a close affair with China beating England 3-2. The winning goal being scored from a penalty kick in the last minute of the match.

OUTSTANDING EVENT

The outstanding event of the past season was the visit of the Swedish team, Helsingborgs IF, which played a series of three games last November.

They let us see exactly where we stood in the football world. Week after week we marvelled at the grand football displays of Kitchee and other top-notch sides in the Colony, but when faced by first class amateur opposition, our footballers failed badly.

In every department the Swedes were miles ahead of us. We will remember the personalities of the team for a long time to come. Who can forget "The Black Thunderbolt," Malte Martensson, with his clever

dribbling, swerves and electric dashes down the wing; Karl Svensson, the goalkeeper, with his safe handling of the ball, his long clearances upfield and those panther-like leaps across his goal; S. O. Svensson, who played a real captain's innings and never seemed to tire; Karlsson, the inside-left who was the schemer in chief; the tall blonde centre-half, the speedy wingers, etc., etc?

We can only say, "Thank you, Sweden, for giving us such a treat and we will look forward to seeing you again in the future."

OTHER VISITORS

The Malayan team were other welcome visitors to our shores. They served up a type of football on a par with the Hongkong standard and some good games were witnessed.

The games played during the Chinese New Year holidays, in which touring sides from Burma and Manila participated, proved one of the biggest flops of the season.

The cold weather experienced during these holidays was said to account for the poor display put up by the boys from Burma. This was hard to believe because at some time during the series they would have shown some glimpses, even if only for a few minutes, of their true form.

They were far below the standard of our local players and were easily beaten. Football in Manila is still in its infancy and we knew what to expect from the visitors from the Philippines, hence the 6-1 victory of Hongkong in the official Interport game was no cause for great rejoicing.

The Koreans were the last of our visitors for the season and they were really a very good side. Fitting was the display of their success and this together with some fine positional play enabled them to win two out of the three games they played here.

OUTSTANDING PLAYERS

Having dealt briefly with the teams, what of the players themselves? Who have been the outstanding men of the season? Departing from fact to personal opinion, I now lay myself open to criticism, for loyal fans of every club will deplore my not mentioning their particular favourites.

Top place in my list is shared by two Kitchee players who have been the outstanding performers of the season—Ho Yung-fun and Hau Yung-sang. Both are great-hearted players, fast, clever, unselfish and clean. The deadly crosses of Ho Yung-fun have won many a game for both Kitchee and the Colony.

Hau Yung-sang, or "Flash Harry" as he is known by the European spectators, is a No. 1 favourite, his keenness and hefty clearances always earning a round of applause.

Amongst the forwards, Lee Tai-fai and Chau Man-chi are high up on my list. Galvin and Tang Yee-kit are two others worthy of special mention, as well as Brown of the Army for his many daring runs and match-winning goals and Berry, the schemer of the Army forward line.

MANY GOOD PIVOTS

In the half-back department we have an abundance of fine centre-halves. Tennant, who has been the hero of many a game, is perhaps the outstanding pivot, although I consider the lanky Ng Kee-chuen of Kitchee the finest centre-half I have seen this season. His performance in the Senior Shield Final was an eye-opener.

Kwok Yung-kee, besides filling many of Kitchee's forward positions, has done extremely well in the mid-line. Spence, Hung Hing-yuk, Mullen, Leonard and Wootton are other half-backs

who did exceptionally well this season.

Among the fullbacks we have seen great performances from Fochu, The Kam-hung, Barber, Tozer and Tam Chin-ai. For goal, my praise goes to You Yiu-tak, Locker, Tam Kwan-kan, Leyland and Fairbrother.

PROMISING YOUNGSTERS

Several promising youngsters scored to the forefront of local soccer and by their fine performances suggested that they had arrived to stay.

Tang Sun, the KMB right-half, is now an automatic selection for all Interport sides. Young Santos, the diminutive St. Joseph's left-half, is a polished player with a grand future.

His appointment as captain of the Hongkong team against Korea made him possibly the youngest captain ever selected for such a game.

Yul Cheuk-yin has commanded a place in Kitchee's team all season and has benefited greatly by the wealth of experience of his team-mates and is the most promising player seen in Hongkong for many a year.

GRAND CLUB MEN

Then there are the players who don't hit the headlines but who turn out each week to keep the League going. Grand club men like Brown and Bickford (Club), Pereira and Hsu King-sang (St. Joseph's), Liu Shing-ping and Chang Kam-pui (CAA), Gray and Townsley (RAF) and others too numerous to mention.

Congratulations to all the Junior clubs for completing a long and arduous season. News Vendors for winning the Second Division Championship and to Army for winning the Junior Shield. The Junior League lacks the glamour of the First Division, but it is an essential part of Hongkong soccer.

Referees and linesmen are to be thanked for the efficient and expert handling of many tricky games. There is an unenviable job.

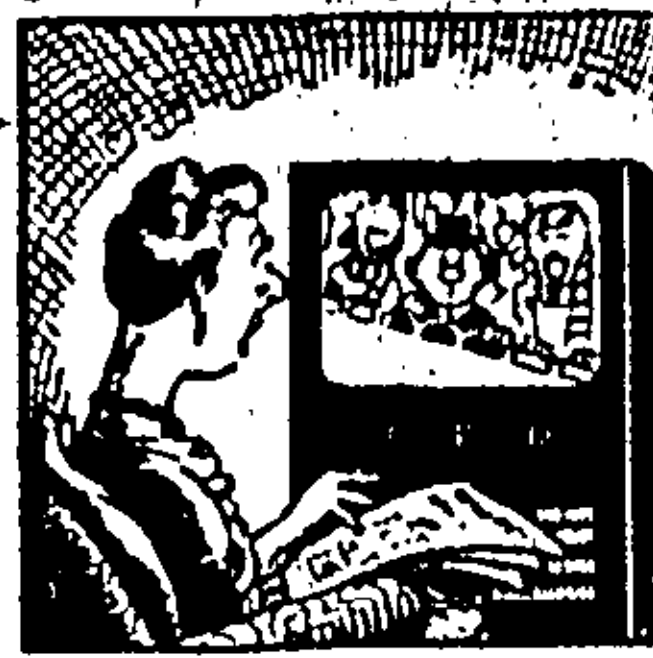
A JOB WELL DONE

Finally, on behalf of all soccer fans in the Colony, I thank the Hongkong Football Association for giving us such an entertaining season. The Association has tried to provide the type of games which appeal to the public and their efforts have been greatly appreciated.

SPORTING SAM



By Reg. Wootton



Softball Season Comes To An End Tonight With The Annual Supper Dance

BY "STARDUST"

The curtain will be rung down on the official softball season tonight with the Annual Presentation Supper Dance at the Peninsula Hotel. The names of the winners of the "Academy Awards" for the Most Valuable Players in the four leagues (Men's Senior and Junior, Ladies' Senior and Junior) will be announced at this function.

In winning the Junior Championship the Black Hawks lost only two games—to tie with the Rexes and Jaguars. In the play-off they beat the Jaguars and Rexes and thus became the first claimants of the "Ernie Heather" Shield since the promotion of the Braves, two-time Junior Champions, to the Senior League.

Hal Winglee's Whooos experienced little difficulty in becoming winners of the "Clara Shaw" Shield in the Ladies' Senior Division, losing only two games. Avarita Choy of the Canadians annexed the Batting title.

HERE AND THERE

Fans will be interested to learn that Claude Holland, formerly Madcap pitcher and one of the leading southpaws in the Colony, has returned mostly for his post-war performance against Canadian team HMCS "Ontario" on the Hongkong Cricket Club Ground and his duels with "Flat-Top" Pancerz of USS "Prometheus"—now in England, has been married for over a year.

He has played some softball there and also plays for the Birmingham table tennis team.

There will be many a sigh of despair from the Jaguars and followers of softball when Eric White Fangs.

MOST SUCCESSFUL

The Ladies' Junior Division was one of the most successful in many ways. Five clubs participated in the campaign for the "Victor Blomack" Shield and competition was keen throughout the 15-game schedule.

Although from the first ball it was evident that the pennant race would develop into a two-way battle between St. Teresa's and their perennial rivals, the White Fangs.

Several future diamond stars crashed the headlines during the season by their fine performances on the playing field. All in all, the Junior Loop season was a bumper success. Spectator interest was maintained at a high level for the full length of the season.

The girls of the Ball in the Ladies' Junior Loop was of the highest standard. The players played every game to the hilt. The Junior Loop is fast becoming a springboard for the Senior League. Congratulations to St. Teresa's for winning this League and to Cecilia Annulphy of the White Fangs for being the Batting Champion.

The ball fans, who are part and parcel of the game, have rendered valuable services during the season both in their attendance at games and in helping to carry the freight when finance was required.

The Dance Committee, headed by popular Mrs. Carmen Molten, have spared no pains to make tonight's Annual Presentation Dance a bumper success. They are to be congratulated on this outstanding contribution to the softball season.

Finally, the various trophy donors are to be thanked for their generous contributions which have been the impetus

£35,000 IN PRIZE MONEY FOR GOLFERS

THE golf professionals of Great Britain and a sprinkling of invaders from overseas have started out on the season's tournament trail which will carry them through England, Scotland and Northern Ireland in search of £35,000 prize money.

It is the biggest summer reward ever, but if any one player secures £3,000 of it he will have done well in the face of fierce competition. A start was made with the £1,350 annual tournament at Moor Park, Rickmansworth, and there I was told by the Professional Golfers' Association Secretary, Commander R. C. T. Roe, that he does not expect many Americans over here this time.

Not only have they bigger fish to land in their own "circus" circuits, but they are not keen on stroke play, and the greatest prize to them, the scoring method.

One who is already here is genial Art Clark, who looks upon the British season as four months' summer holiday from his West Virginia farm. "I am not a good golfer, but I do love annual trips to England," he told me.

Flory Van Donck, the Belgian, is another visitor although he can almost be looked upon as a resident now. He cannot find a post in this country because the PGA says there are too many English professionals out of a job as it is.

Ossie Pickworth, burly Australian Champion, is an outstanding newcomer, whose first round in this country at Moor Park was a sound 69. He will be joined later by his fellow-countryman and no stranger to this land, Norman Van Nida, who at the moment is playing in the United States on his way here.

Although he missed the tournament, the British Open Champion, Bobby Locke, of Johannesburg is flying to England as I write, and will play in the second tournament at Middlesbrough, as well as defend his Open title later on. Two fresh faces from the Continent are Sten Nordstrom from Sweden and George de Wit from Holland.

Against these invaders are massed the cream of British Professional strength, but one of our hopes, Max Faulkner, got himself disqualified at Moor Park by playing a provisional ball at the 17th hole, found his original ball was not out of bounds, and then went on playing with his second ball. It was a new rule.

Sam King, the principal symptom of which is bruising of the finger and thumb has resulted from the intensive training lately undergone by the Fletching Fusiliers.

Not soldiers these, but entrants for the All-England Marbles Championship held at Tinsley Green, Sussex, every Good Friday.

This Sussex village team entered for the first time last year. Four of their members are on the injured list with "thumbitis." Reserves are being coached, just in case, by Mr. J. Moon, landlord of the Rose and Crown, Fletching, who is the team's organizer. This is done on a concrete run specially constructed at the back of the inn.

Believing that Lady Wentworth would never agree, Mr. Saunders would not approach her.

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SQUASH RACKETS CHAMPION WITHOUT ANY PRACTICE

By SYDNEY SKILTON

London.—Earliest among the names to go into the record books for sporting achievements in 1950 is that of Norman Francis Borrett. He, at the Lansdowne Club, here, the other day won the Amateur Squash Rackets Championship of England for the fourth successive time.

This is a feat never accomplished by any other player and one rendered particularly meritorious because there are more people playing the game today than ever before and the championships are attracting ever-increasing international entries.

As well as being a record holder Borrett is also one of the game's enigmas. A Devonshire schoolmaster, he is seldom able to visit a squash court except on vacation at Championship times. Yet he continues to outstay and outplay every other competitor. Only very occasionally does he forfeit a game and the only match he has lost in the postwar period was against the Egyptian professional, Mahmoud el Karim, in the British Open Championship last year.

NATURAL ATHLETE
On every good and simple explanation of Borrett's great success is that he is a natural player of ball games. He is a graduate of Cambridge University where he played numerous games with distinction and won his colours for squash and field hockey.

In 1937 he toured in the USA with the Cambridge team which opposed Harvard, Yale and other universities. At field hockey he won an Olympic medal with the British team and at cricket he has played in first class fixtures for the Essex county team.

In all his games he plays the ball "early" and hits hard. He has developed an extraordinary powerful wrist flick and possesses a real match-winning temperament.

As Borrett is still only in his early thirties—he was born in 1917—he is still in his prime as a squash player and has ample opportunity of improving even further on his record.

The peak age for a squash player is reckoned to be 20 years because that is the average age of winners of the national championship since it was instituted in 1922.

In America, where there has been a national amateur championship since 1907, the average age of winners is 25.

The difference is thought to be due to the fact that because of the larger and slower British courts greater premium is placed on stamina. In America it is speed that counts and the winner is invariably a man fresh from the university and full of fire and fervour.

DIFFERENT STANDARDS
The English standard court measures 32ft. x 21ft. and the American 32ft. x 18ft. In other differences, the English prefer a softer and lighter ball—7-7½ ounces against the American 9 ounces.

In England the method of scoring is nine points up with only the server being allowed to score, as in badminton, but in USA it is 15 up with both players scoring.

There is little doubt that if these two versions of squash could be brought more into alignment the international clubs which among the males and universities have almost petered out, would revive with a flourish.

Some "reformists" on both sides of the Atlantic attempted a few years ago to combine the best features of both versions. But they did not get very far because of the enormous amount of capital invested in courts of measurements existing in the two countries. Therefore in any international match the advantage will continue to lie with the home team.—From the Christian Science Monitor.

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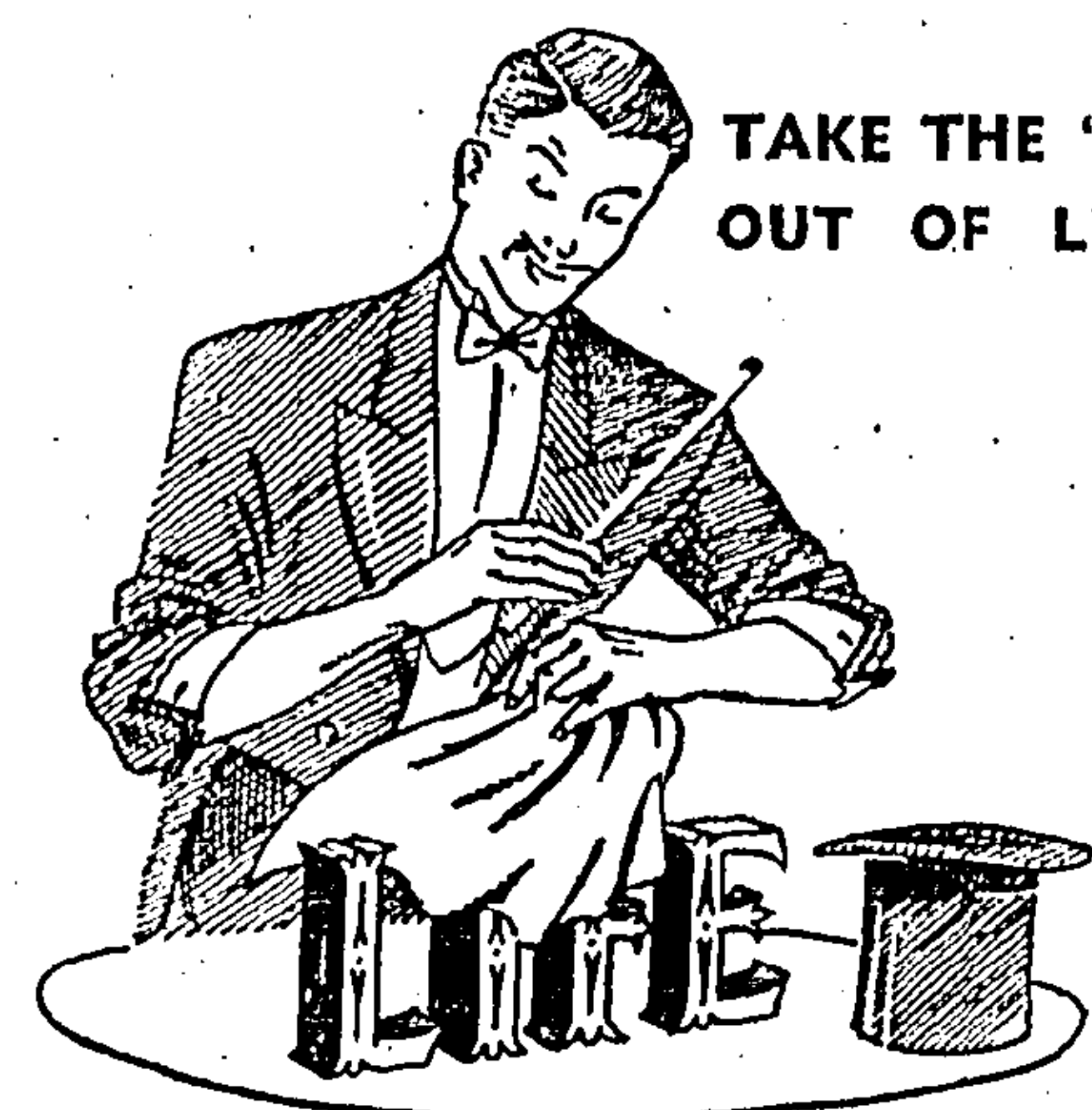
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TAKE THE "IF" OUT OF LIFE!

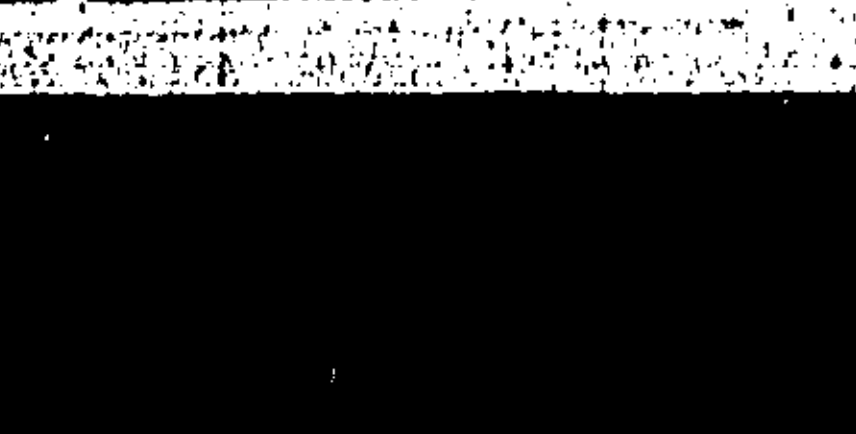
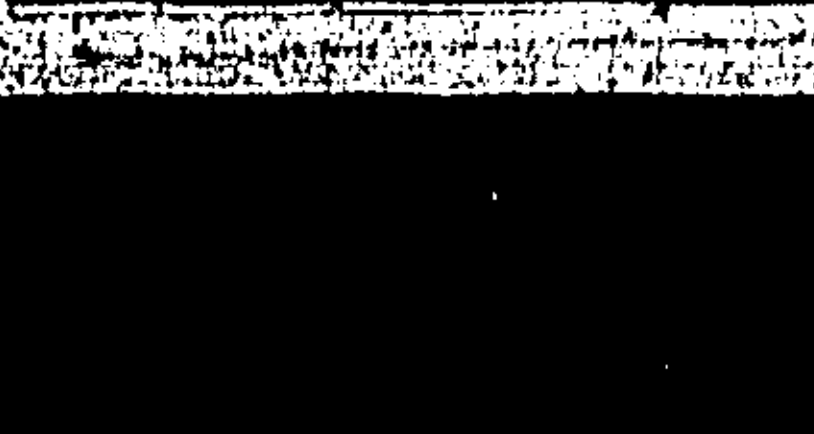
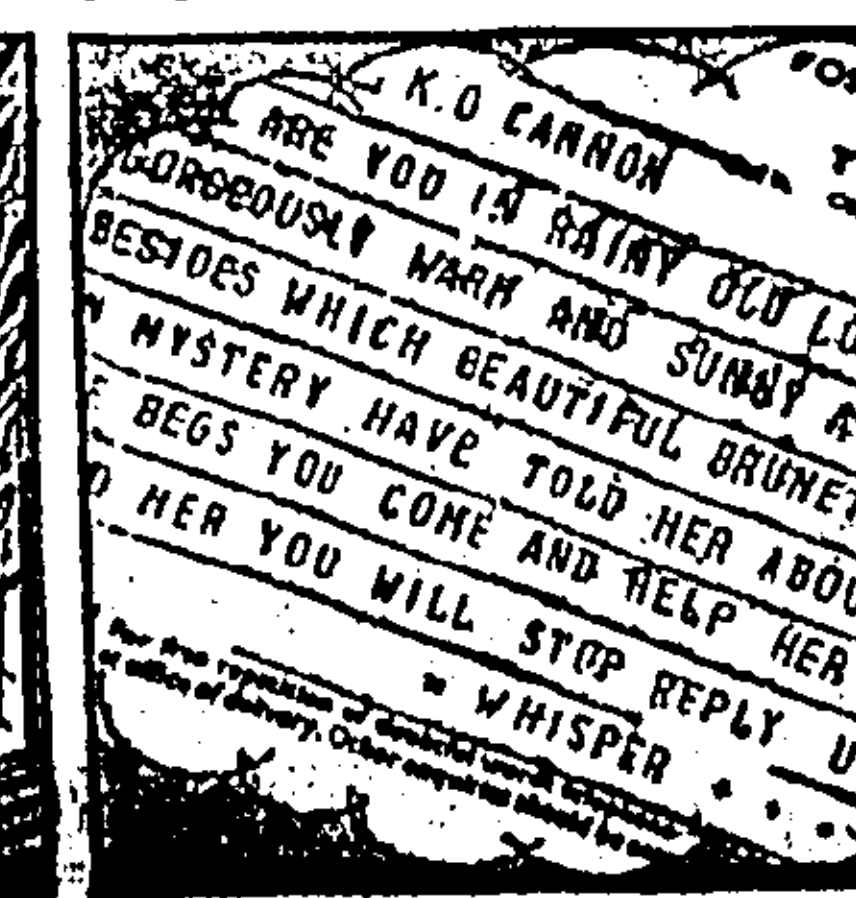
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A NEW ADVENTURE—WITH WHISPER



Month For Lawrence Addicts

THIS BOOK WILL SHAKE SOME OF HONGKONG'S COLONIALS

By HORACE THOROGOOD

MARCH was a D. H. Lawrence month. Before it ended, nearly a million copies of his books were on sale in the shops.

Ten titles were added to the Penguin series; Heinemann are reprinting a score of his books in their Uniform Pocket Edition, besides publishing Richard Aldington's new biography of him, curiously titled *Portrait of a Genius*. But

(The "but" is because so many people, talking of him, say "Of course he was a genius, but...")

Two other provocative titles are on Michael Joseph's autumn list. The first, *The History of Underclothes* (since the 15th century) is by Drs. C. Willett and Phillis Cunningham, who jointly formed Manchester's Gallery of English Costume. Function of "underclothes" has been mostly utilitarian, but, as the publisher demurely remarks, "when they have also served an erotic purpose the fact is frankly recognized and examined as such."

"SHOCKING"

The second is *Roads To Ruin, The Shocking History Of Social Reform*, by E. S. Turner, who wrote so amusingly about juvenile fiction in *Boys Will Be Boys*.

Why "shocking"? Because it deals with valuable reforms that met with tooth-and-nail opposition. Example: Daylight Saving, denounced because it would "ruin the candle industry."

Aldous Huxley rounds an alarm in his new collection of essays, *Times And Variations* (Chatto and Windus, May). He foresees an inevitable world catastrophe resulting from over-population and soil erosion.

Today's 2½-billion population needs double the existing food resources for proper nutrition; what will the position be 50 years hence when it cannot be less than three billions?

Huxley's advice to politicians is: Worry less about H-bombs, which may or may not go off, and more about the worse risk of world starvation.

III Met by *Moonlight* (Harper, March 29) is W. Somerset Maugham's story of how he and another British officer kidnapped German general Karl Kreipe in Ceylon in 1944. A thrilling adventure, daily told.

—London Express Service.

POLITICAL agitation is one of the characteristic features of the colonial world today. The essence of colonial grievances is not economic, but political. And it will become more and more political, because the biggest fact in the colonial world is not poverty, but passion — passion about colonial relationships. In other words it is not enough to give the colonial peoples more goods and services; good government is no substitute for self-government.

There are the views of W. R. Crocker, in his book, *Self-Government for the Colonies* (Allen and Unwin, 12s. 6d.). This is a book which will cause a stir in the colonies. It will annoy many people, but will please a good many more.

Contrasting the British and French colonial systems, the author boldly points to the discrimination as the factor which will eventually lead to the break-up of the British Empire. "People," he says, "do not like being exploited but they can put up with it. What they cannot put up with is being considered inferior."

While France prepared to accept her colonial subjects as Frenchmen and equals, the English in the colonies have developed a cult of race superiority. A treatise, says Mr. Crocker, could be written around the cause and the consequences of the British clubs in colonial areas.

SOCIAL EQUALITY

When Wilfred Blunt went to Malta in 1931, he, a member of the aristocracy, was shocked to find that all Maltese, even the Maltese nobility, were excluded from the club at Valetta. In India, Indians were still excluded from the clubs up to the day the Viceroyalty was extinguished in 1947. "The effect of the clubs on local sentiment was an astonishing one," says the author, "as the nobility of the majority of British middle-class wives in the colonies."

The author goes on to say that all schemes for economic development, all attempts at "native" appointments to this or that senior post, are writ in water so long as the practice of social inequality between

European and coloured colonial is allowed to remain. "Social equality must be the very beginning of colonial policy and practice today. The most effective way to compete with racial nationalists is to root up the old barriers to equality in social intercourse."

Discussing the basis of the colonial relationship, he says that it is the encounter of two peoples who have arrived at different stages of technical development.

In the early days not only do the technically superior, and therefore dominant people consider themselves superior, but the dominated people consider the dominant people to be superior.

INEVITABLE

But one of the outstanding traits of our present epoch is the levelling out of the disparity. The technically backward peoples have picked up the techniques, and, says the author, "Indian biologists, Chinese physicians, African engineers and surgeons, Oklahoma Redskin advertising experts, Eskimo engineers, point to the truth."

Thus, with his magic zone, the white man must now get accustomed to considering the colonial peoples his equal in natural endowments.

In the following chapters, Mr. Crocker outlines the unrest and



"It's only the morning post. My husband is a gardening correspondent."

—London Express Service.

desire for self-government in the colonies to-day, and points out that the agitation comes as a rule from a minority intelligentsia, and not from the majority of the people.

Self-government for the colonies is inevitable, he says, the main problem now is when to grant it. He suggests that the British Government should proclaim a timetable setting out the main stages towards self-government to be applied to the more evolved colonies.

He says that if a time table were set for Nigeria and the Gold Coast it would increase good will, it would encourage local politicians to comport themselves with responsibility, and it would enable the heads of departments to plan ahead.

This book is vigorous and easy to read, and the author has succeeded in giving an excellent outline of the causes of unrest in the colonies today.

ROBERT TREDINNICK'S RECORD REVIEW

This Cossack Chorus sounds elderly now

THERE are two orchestral and two piano records of real distinction in the February supplements. First I would ask you to hear *Le Tour d'Amphile*, by Saint-Saëns, beautifully played by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham.

It is obvious that a great deal of trouble has been taken in balancing the orchestra; my only regret is that the change-over had to come in the middle of a long crescendo. For all that, this record is a joy to hear, and has personality, sensitivity and polish. (HMV 118, 6198.)

From Saint-Saëns to Brahms and his *Opus 33—Tragic Overture*, played by the Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Paul Kletzki. Here is the perfect example of complete co-operation between musicians and recording engineers. It is presented on three sides, realising the widest possible performance being impeccable.

In complete contrast the fourth side is taken over by Brahms's *Hungarian Dance No. 5*, which is played with tremendous spirit, making what must be considered a notable recording. (Columbia DX, 12512.)

In July 1947 Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli's first record was released. At the time I wrote that in this young pianist we had a musician in the front rank.

This month he plays the *Boston arrangement of Bach's Chaconne from the Partita in D minor*. This is the best record he has made; the recording of the piano is entirely in keeping with the beautiful quality of Michelangeli's magnificent interpretation. (HMV 118, 2100-6.)

I am enchanted with the way Monique Huan plays two short pieces by Chopin, *Les Haricades Mystérieuses*, and *Le Toccata Ou Les Mallettes*. Here is delicacy, wit and first-class recorded piano. (Decca F, 6311.)

Twelve Robbers and A Hazel Tree, two folk songs are sung by the Don Cossack Chorus conducted by Serge Jaroff, who will be visiting this country during March.

On this record it would appear that the passing of time has not been kind to this famous choir; their earlier records were much truer better. (Columbia DX, 1623.)

There would seem to be no reason at all for the issue of *Round Her Neck She Wore A Yellow Ribbon* and *Mamma Knows Best* by the Turner Sisters except, perhaps, for the near-panoramic from Sid Phillips and his Orchestra. (HMV 11, 9873.)

DAB and FLOUNDER by WALTER



New Books by George Malcolm Thomson

A woman who should never have married

THE GRASS IS SINGING. By Doris Lessing. Michael Joseph. 9s. 6d. 256 pages.

THIS novel belongs to the new generation of writers which, almost every month, turns up a fresh talent clamouring for notice and judgment.

The Grass is Singing is sincere, inept, powerful and promising. Its author is a woman, from South Africa, home of so many famous women writers.

Its story is ugly and pitiful, with its own version of human dignity preserved somehow in squalor and defeat.

And its theme, underlying the story, is that tragic social dilemma of our time: the Cold War of Colour. Here it is translated into the ghastly life of Dick Turner and his wife, Mary, and played out in the oppressive air of the lonely tin shack, among the dust devils of the veldt.

No villains here and no heroes. The casual brutality of white farmers, like their equally casual outbreaks of kindness, are too much part of a social pattern to provoke condemnation.

As for the natives, they are cunning, they are stupid and on the whole, they are dispicable. This novel spins no sentimental web round them. It is an assault on your pity, not on your tears.

Mary should, of course, never have married Dick. But she should not have married at all. She was a "poor sport," life and soul of the tennis club dances, and rather under-sexed.

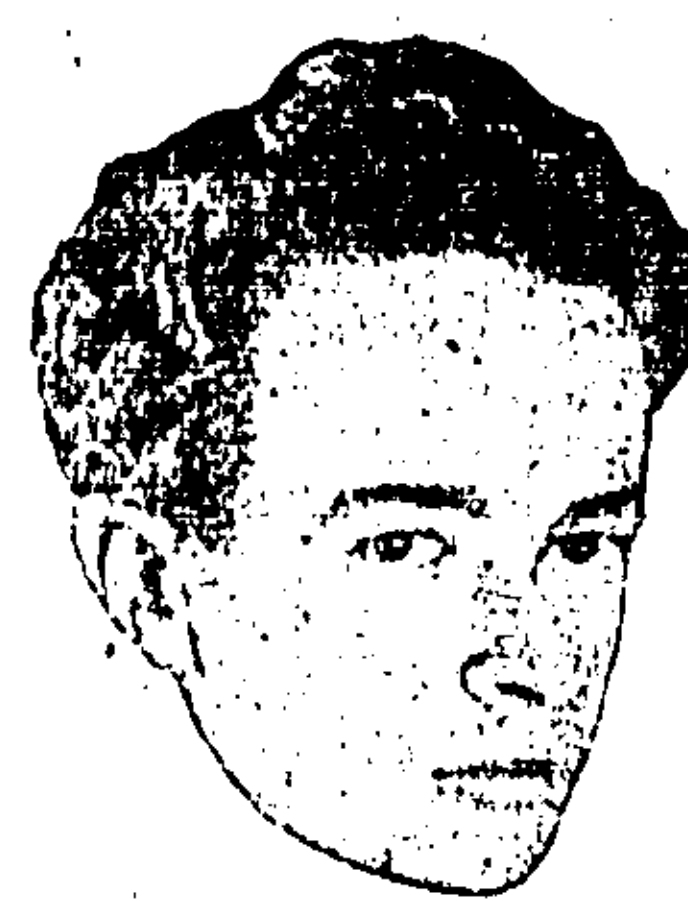
Overhearing a malicious conversation one day ("How absurd the looks, dressed like a girl in her 'best'") puts the notion of marriage into her head. Dick comes into town about that time, buying stores for his farm.

It is not much of a farm and Dick not much of a farmer. Mary is even more feeble. She cannot endure the heat, the drought, the deadening loneliness. Above all, she cannot manage the native servants.

The Turners are well on their way down to the "poor white" level by the time Moses comes back to help in the house.

He is a huge black man, once Mary had struck him with a whip. But now things are somehow different between them. Mary is aware of Moses; soon she is aware of no one else. At first, with anger.

"When a white man in Africa by accident looks into the eyes



Should we say genius? DENTON WELCH

of a native and sees the human being, his sense of guilt fumes up in resentment and he brings down the whip.

Later, Mary (by now hardly sane) is haunted in nightmares by the gigantic black figure. They are like two antagonists. But he is sure of himself; she is undermined by fear, by her dream-like nights, her obsession.

It ends at the moment where the book opens—with the murder of Mary and the arrest of Moses (murder, theft). Dick is cut off his mind.

Only Tony, a young man not long out from England, shows an embarrassing readiness to explain. Charlie Slater, Dick's rich neighbour, soon shuts him up. It is a "bad business."

Under that muffled formula, White South Africa regularly buries the unsavoury affair. The note is never forced throughout. The story is ruled by the impress of something that cannot be escaped, that is implicit in the people, the scene, the climate. So what might be merely torrid takes on a kind of pride.

A VOICE THROUGH A CLOUD. By Denton Welch. Lehmann. 10s. 6d. 256 pages.

THE most astonishing thing about this book is not that it is written so brilliantly but that it was written at all. Consider:

Denton Welch was born in Shanghai in 1917 and brought up in China. He was studying art in London when (aged 18) he was the victim of a road accident, from the effects of which he died 13 years later.

His spine had been broken. Parrot murder on Third Avenue, in which the critical evidence was provided by a parrot which kept on calling out "Robber, robber." Until one day a detective decided the bird was talking French and went looking for a man named Robert. A most readable sheet of wickedness.

The interval was filled with hospitals, doctors, pain and writing. His great ambition was to finish this novel.

In the end he could work for only three or four minutes at a time, after which he would lie, almost blind and with a raging headache. He died aged 31, on December 30, 1948.

A Voice Through a Cloud is in fiction, the story of an illness. It is moving and uncomfortably vivid, it has the acuteness, without the distortions, of pain. It is bitter and courageous.

It states a kind of distrustful integrity in a series of brilliant pictures of fellow patients, of anxious relatives. It is mature, with alarming flashes of youthful timidity. It is hardly a novel at all. But it is a deep experience.

Welch was a writer born. Not even physical disaster could frustrate his angry, sensitive talent. Should we say genius?

TWELVE AGAINST THE LAW. By Edward D. Radin. Heinemann. 10s. 6d. 246 pages.

THESE excellent crime stories have the advantage of being true.

Mr Radin has not needed to use his imagination. He has gone to the newspapers, to the police records (mostly New York records).

His talent lies in giving freshness to these bygone annals of iniquity.

For example, to the Green Parrot murder on Third Avenue, in which the critical evidence was provided by a parrot which kept on calling out "Robber, robber." Until one day a detective decided the bird was talking French and went looking for a man named Robert. A most readable sheet of wickedness.

Student Body. By M. R. Hodgkin. Gollancz. 9s. 6d. 226 pages.

Scene: an American college. Theme: blackmail and murder. Writer: an American woman, newcomer to detection. Ingeniously worked out and amusingly told.

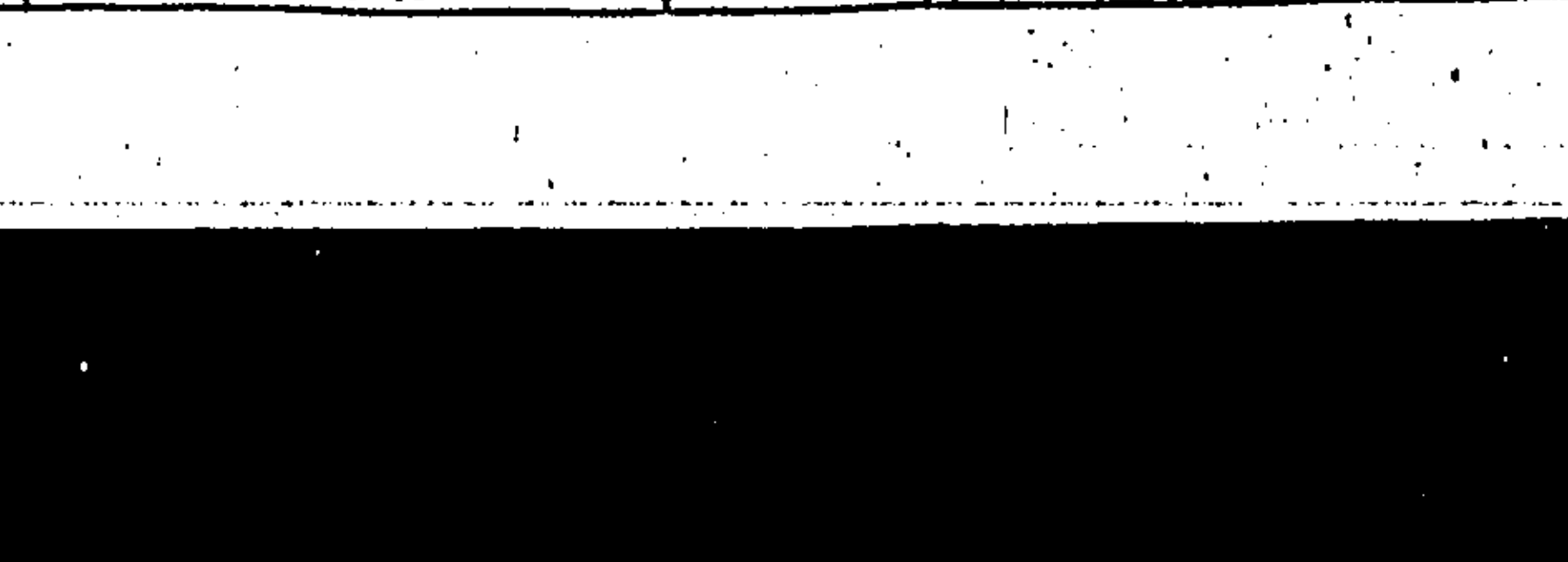
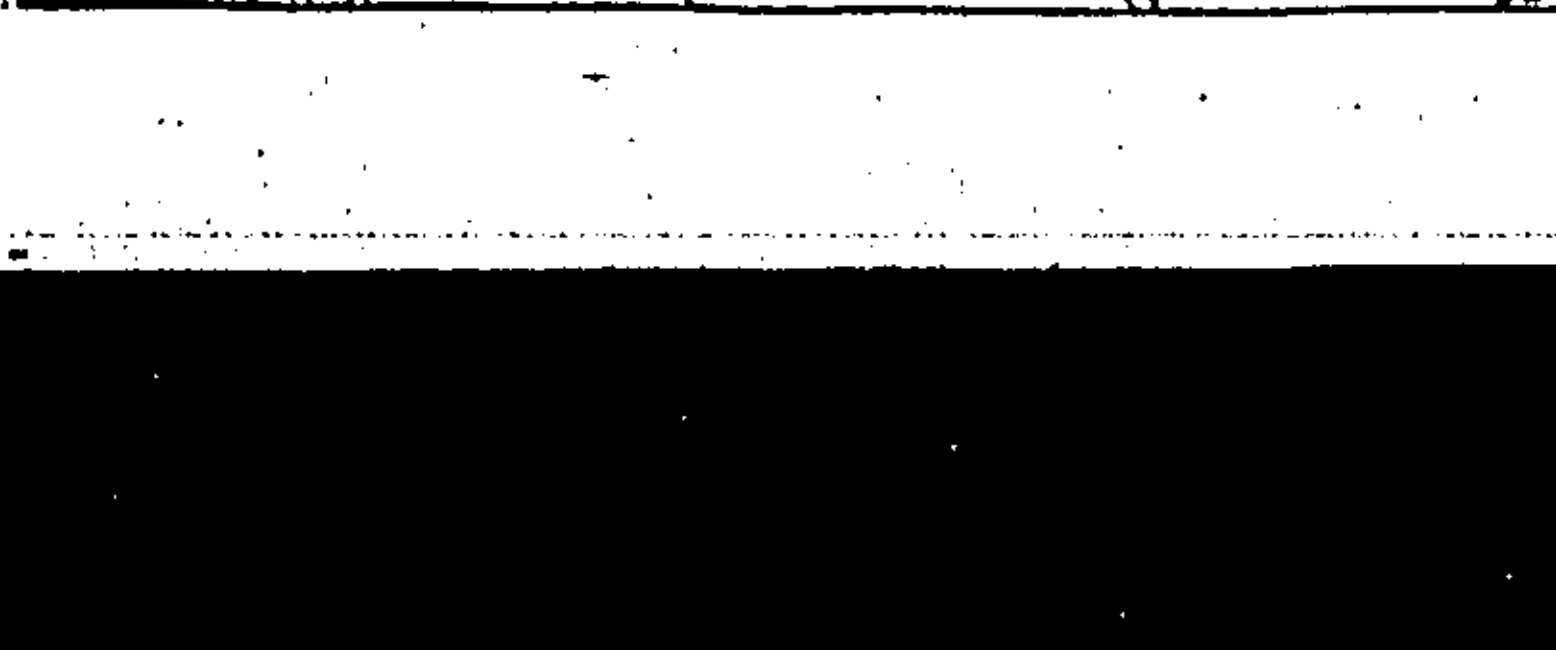
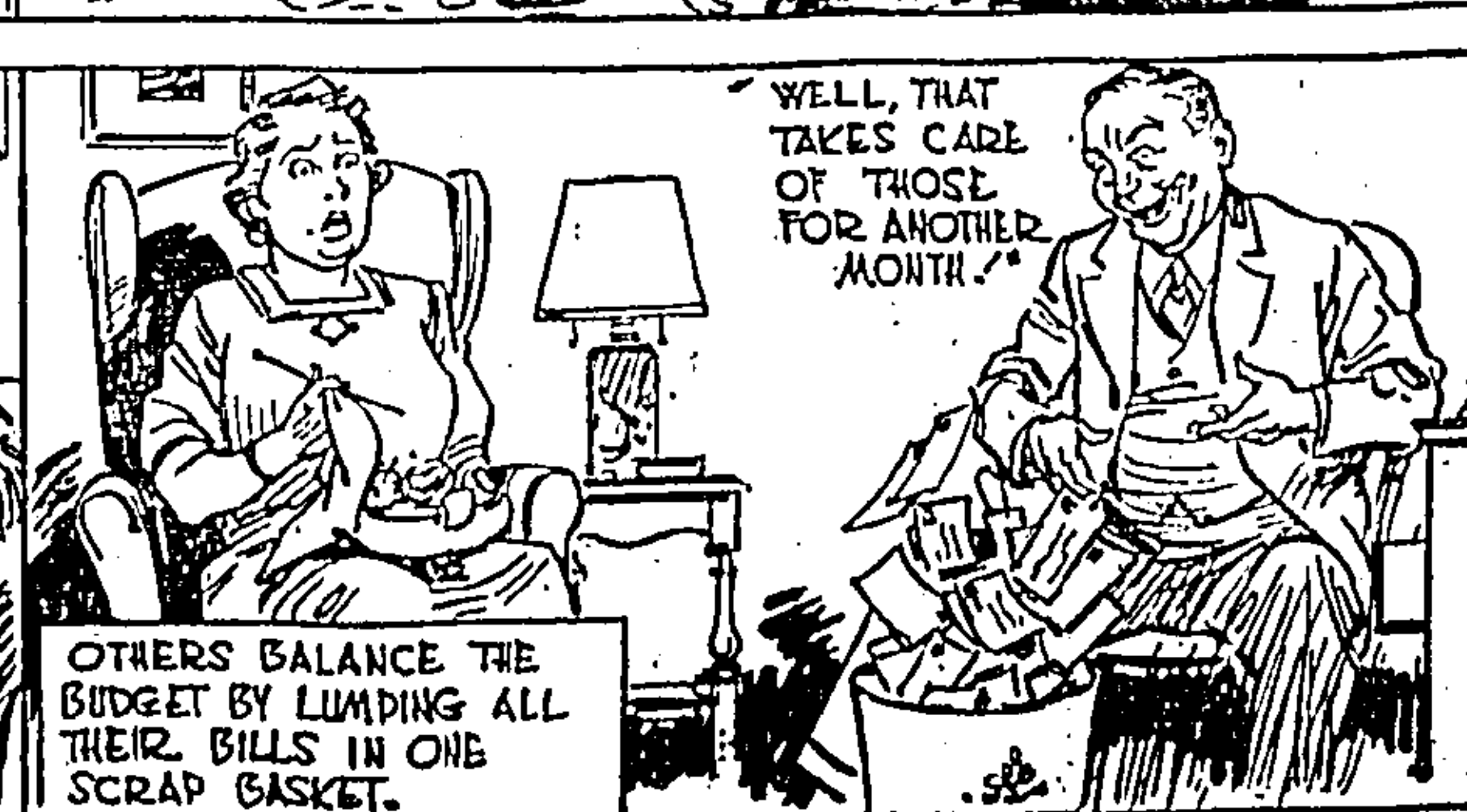
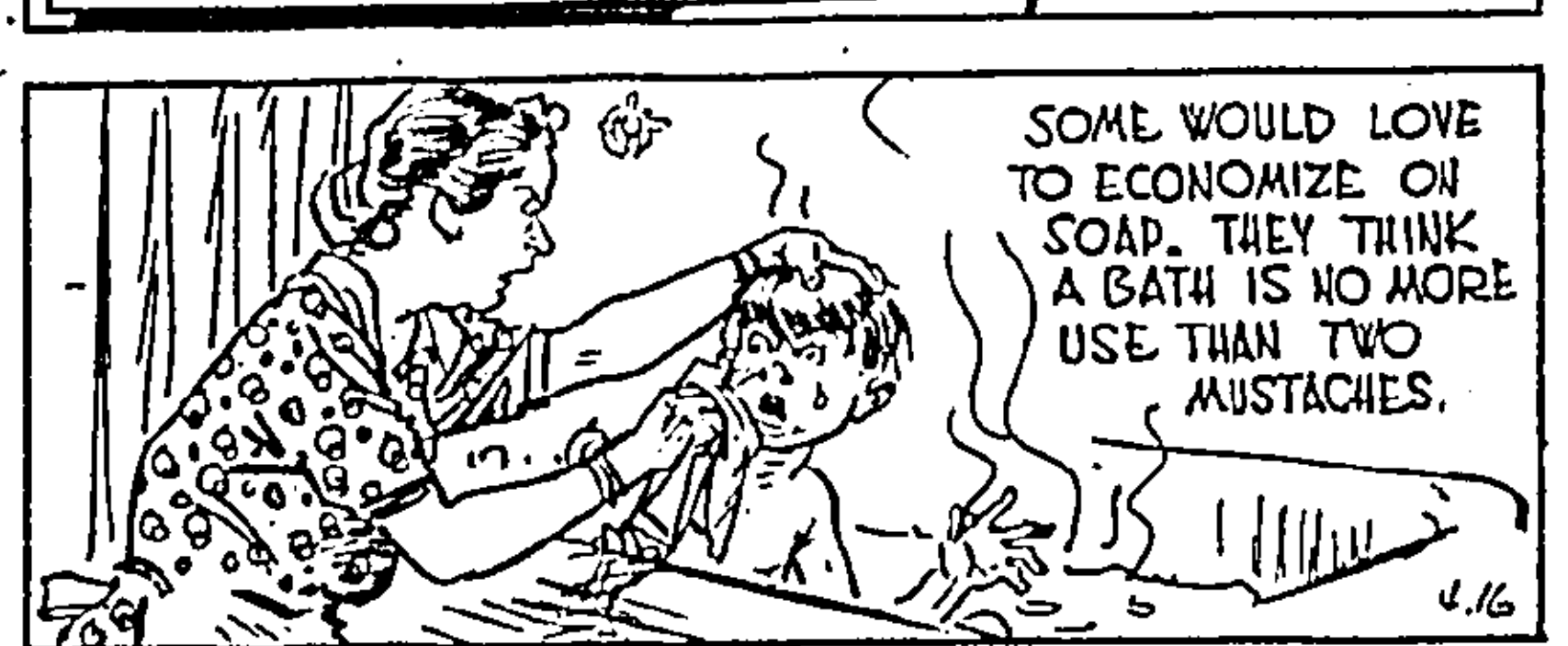
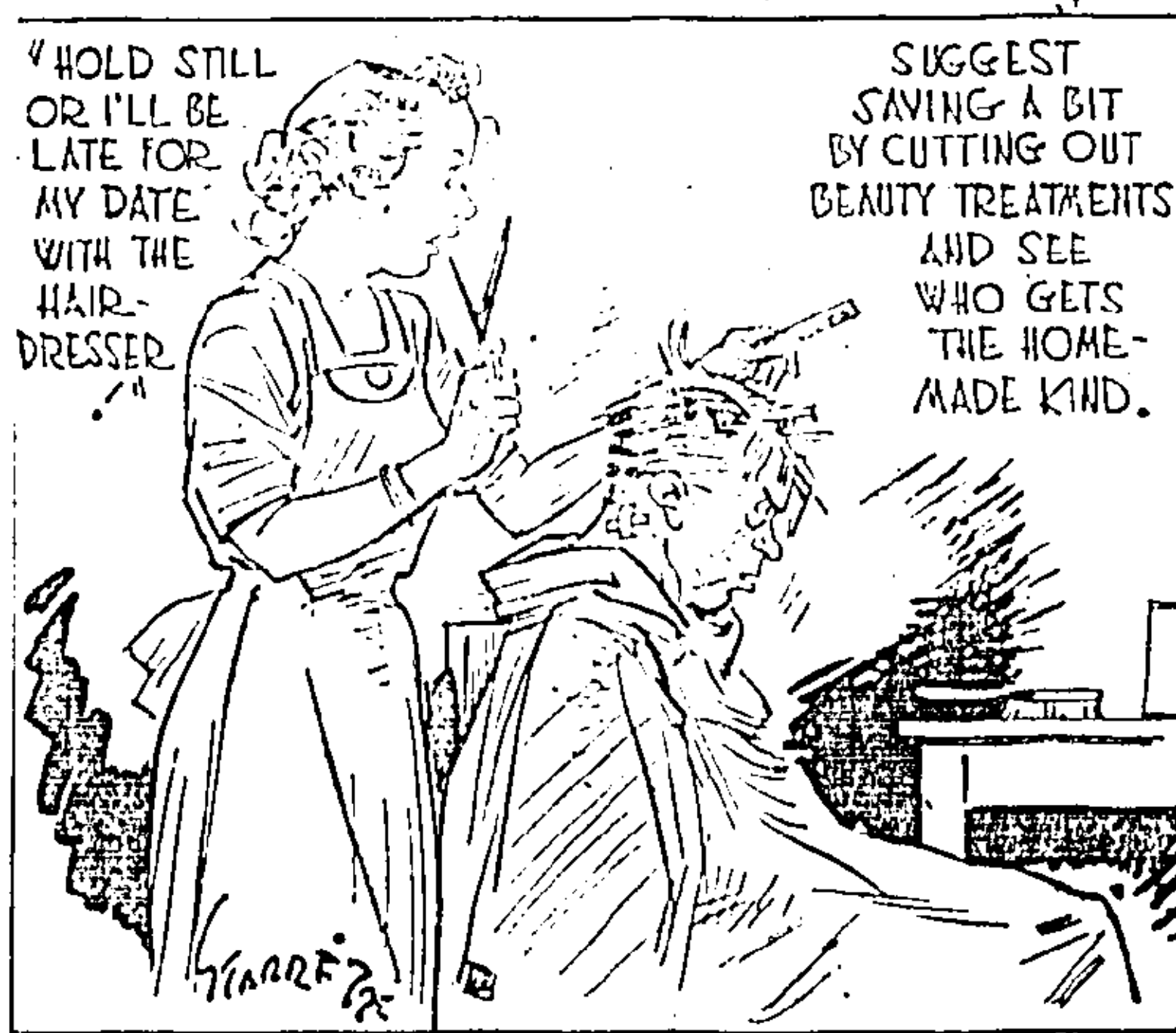
No Duty on a Corpse. By Max Murray. Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d. 208 pages.

Murray takes place on a transatlantic liner called the Queen Alexandra. It should have been easy to solve. But it appears that many people had reason to kill Leonora Blith. Mr. Murray brings a light touch to his sombre topic.

—London Express Service.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

'Keeping Down Expenses' BY KEMP STARRETT





PUZZLES



STORIES



HOBBIES

The BOYS and GIRLS PAGE



CRAFTS



GAMES



JOKES

★ ANOTHER INSTALMENT OF THE CHILDREN'S SERIAL, ★
Five Fall Into Adventure

In search of George

NEW READERS START HERE

Julian, Dick and Anne are staying with their cousin George (George for short) and his dog Timmy. Strange things have happened. The story has been continued and valuable scientific papers have been stolen. George and Timmy have been kidnapped. Now Dick has captured a little red-headed girl called Jo, who says she helped in all these things. She has promised to take Julian and the others to find George and Timmy, who, she says, have been spirited away in her father's carriage.

CHAPTER 13

JOAN was the only one in the household who woke up reasonably early the next morning—but even she was too late to catch the milkman! She scurried downstairs at half-past seven, an hour later than usual, tying up her apron as she went.

"Half-past seven—what a time to wake up!" she muttered, as she began to do the kitchen fire. She thought of all the happenings of the night before—the queer evening with young Sid, Dick's capture of Jo—and Jo's extraordinary tale. She had had a look at Jo before she went down, half-expecting that lively young rogue to have disappeared in the night.

But Jo was curled up like a kitten, her brown cheek on her brown paw, her hair unusually bright and tidy falling over her tightly-shut eyes. She didn't even stir when Joan scurried about the bedroom, washing and dressing.

Most miraculously everyone was down at half-past eight eating porridge and looking rather subdued. Jo had hers in the kitchen, and the others could hear Joan scolding her for her manners.

Jo liked Joan. She knew where she was with her. If she kept on Joan's right side and did what she was told, Joan would feed her well and not interfere too much—but if she didn't, then she could expect something else she understood very well indeed—scoldings and a sharp slap.

Julian came out into the kitchen. "Where's Jo?" he said. "Oh, there you are."



Jo screamed and tried to dodge away.

by **End Bluffton**

Now, what about taking us to where your father's caravan is? You're sure you know the way?"

Jo laughed scornfully. "Course I do! I know everywhere round here for miles." "Right," said Julian, and he produced a map, which he spread out on the kitchen table. He put a finger on one spot. "That's Kew," he said. "And here's a place called Ravens. Wood. Is that the place you mean? How do you propose to get there—by the road or that one?"

Joan gave a little snort. "Master Julian, maps are wasted on her. I don't expect she's ever seen one in her life! She can't even read!"

"She'll know the way all right," said Joan, scolding out a scolding. "They're like dogs, these folk—they can smell out any road they want."

Jo shrugged her thin shoulders. "All this was very boring to me."

"Where's that other boy?" she said. "He's coming? I want to see him!"

"She's just crazy on Dick," said Joan, taking up another scolding. "Here he is—now you can go and look his boots if you want to, young Jo!"

"Hallo, Jo!" said Dick, with one of his amiable grins. "Ready to take us travelling?"

"Better go at night," said Jo, staring at Dick.

"Oh, no!" said Dick. "We're going now. We're not going to be put off like that. Now, Jo, now!"

Jo looked at the map. "There's a small hole about a fourth of an inch in diameter."

Ask two members of the audience to examine each card, and then have them string the cards on the cord which is about four feet long. When the cord holding the cards is pulled tight, you produce a large cloth, wave it about and throw it over the cards on the string. Then you place your free hand under the cloth, pull out your hand, and at once produce one of the cards you have apparently torn from the string. But wonder of wonders, the hole in the card has not been torn!

On the inside of the cloth you have sewn a secret pocket. In this flap is an extra card exactly the same size as the others. Now when you cover the cards on the string with the magic cloth you will see it is easy enough to take the extra card out of the secret pocket, tear off one of the cards hanging on the string, and hide the torn card away again in the secret pocket.

★

Knarf Was Very Puzzled

—He Wanted to Know Where Ships Went—

By MAX TRELL

THE window of the house where Knarf and Hand lived looked right out on the river. All day long, and all night long, the ships went up and down—big ships, little ships, all kinds of different ships. Some of them would toot their whistles as they passed. And when it was foggy, they kept tooting their whistles all the time just to make sure that they didn't bump into each other.

Knarf would sit in the window, watching all the ships, and wondering where they all went to. He asked—but no one seemed to know. And then one day Knarf and the Sea Gull, who was standing on one of the wooden poles that stuck up out of the water at the river's edge, it spoke very quietly.

"All these ships? Where do they go? Well, that's not a very hard question to answer, for I've followed many of them all through their journeys. First they go down the river, to the end."

"And what's there?" Knarf asked.

"Where the river ends, my lad, the great ocean begins. Have you never seen the ocean?"

Knarf shook his head. "The ocean is water—all water—enormous water. No matter how hard you look—how far you look—whether you look before you or behind you or on this side or that side of you, all you can see is water. And over the water there's the sky. That's the ocean, lad. There's nothing else like it."

"And what do the ships do on the ocean, Sea Gull?"

"They sail across it, lad—straight across it. It takes many days. And sometimes

there are winds and storms and rain and waves, as high as hills that toss the ships about. But when the weather is fine—when the sun shines by day, and the stars twinkle by night, then sailing across the ocean is the pleasantest adventure in the world. And finally they reach the other side."

"And what's on the other side?"

"There's England on the other side, and Ireland, and Scotland, and Wales."

"Do they speak English there, Sea Gull?"

"They do, lad. Some of the ships stop there. But others keep sailing even further. And they come to France. That's a country too."

"What language do the people speak there, Sea Gull?"

"In France they speak French. Then some ships sail North and come to Germany, where the people speak German. And other ships sail South and come to Italy or Spain, where the people speak Italian or Spanish."

Hunting for Indian arrow heads

DELLA MAVITY McDONNELL

THE other day we looked at a collection of some 1500 perfect arrow heads, along with a lot of other Indian relics of long ago. This collection belongs to Dr R.C. Turner, retired dentist of Caldwell, Kan.

For more than 40 years Dr Turner has been interested in hunting arrow heads. He has many other hobbies, all out-of-door activities, such as collecting butterflies, and hunting and polishing rocks, but arrow-head hunting seems to be his first love because he has been at it so many years.

When someone exclaims, "How lucky you were to find such fine specimens!" Dr Turner always answers, "Not lucky but lucky!" He doesn't just stumble on them, but systematically searches for the items in his collection.

When we looked at some of the choice ones that he had mounted together, he pointed to one perfect point of beautiful white flint and said, "There's a Mugwampy one."

"What's a Mugwampy?" we asked.

"That's the name of an imaginary Indian, the Indian who made the most perfect arrow points that can be found."

Then he told how when he and Mrs Turner went out to hunt arrow points, they would take their three children along and to keep them interested in helping with the search, he would make up Indian stories to tell as they hunted.

The hero of these stories was always this Mugwampy, the old Indian that made the best points ever made. It became a game to see who could find one made by Mugwampy, and each time the children went along on such an expedition they wanted to hear more about the wonderful arrow maker—how he got his name, why he was able to make better arrow



points, and why he stayed home to make arrows instead of going hunting. "Well," the doctor would tell them, "many, many years ago—"

"How many?" one of the children would ask.

"Oh, perhaps 5,000 or maybe 10,000 years—long before this country was settled by white men—the Indians lived in camps and the men killed buffalo for food, moving from time to time, as season or lack of food required."

"One day an Indian boy when he had reached the age of 20 years started out with bow and arrows for his first hunt. This was a very important expedition because the things he had, or the experiences he had, or the bravery he exhibited, would be responsible for the name that would be given him by the older and wiser Indians. One of the highest ambitions of an Indian lad was to earn a worthy name."

"So it was with high hopes that Mugwampy—only his name wasn't Mugwampy yet—started out. He hadn't gone very far when he saw a buffalo bull. He knew this was his job to kill the animal. He aimed well, and let an arrow fly but the point was defective and only grazed the buffalo.

"This so enraged the animal that he charged the Indian boy and caught him in the thigh. The boy was not killed but forever after was a hopeless cripple. He knew his misfortune came from a defective point, so he decided to make the most perfect points that had ever been made. This he did and as the years passed his fame grew. He sold and traded his points until he became very wealthy. So after many years came the name—MUG—"

from his distorted face, as they remembered him when he returned from the encounter with the buffalo bull, and the WAMPY— from the money or wampum he made from his arrow-making business."

There is a difference between arrow heads used for killing the buffalo and those used in battle. For hunting buffalo the points used were smaller and sharper. These average an inch in length, they vary from three-eighths of an inch to two inches. The smallest one in Dr Turner's collection measures five-sixteenths of an inch each way. It will lie on the average little finger nail. The points used in battle are thicker and average three inches in length. The most of these do not have the notches at the top as do the smaller ones.

There are three things essential for success in arrow-point hunting: First—be a lover of the out-of-door; second—find a probable site of an old Indian camp by locating a place where are present; third—expect a little luck and a lot of look. Then to make it interesting you might try creating your own places within a few miles of

Caldwell where there were evidences of Indian camps and battle fields.

A 60-acre field at a bend on Bluff Creek, a few miles from town, proved rich in specimens. A place over by Bluff City, Kan., proved even better. Here in one day the family found 59 arrow points, seven needles, three knives, one arrow puller, two pieces not classified, 220 broken arrow points, 14 broken needles, one broken knife, one grinding stone, and 75 cells. Cells are stone axes.

Try a "package party" the next time you entertain, by serving already-wrapped refreshments. Bundle a sandwich, cookies, and a bit of candy apiece in a paper napkin. Seal it shut with attractive Scotch tape. A napkin or a bunnet can be attached on top with the same tape. Use two large platters with such parcels. Arrange them on each side of a trayful of individual-sized soda bottles. Add some openers, and box of paper straws. Presto—your preparations are complete. Now you can concentrate on having fun, instead of missing it all while playing host or hostess.

If there's a big exam coming up at school, you can cram in drop-a-pin quiz, even if the family refuses to pussyfoot around the house. Just get some anti-noise car stoppers—the kind that's manufactured to promote sound sleep. This inexpensive drug store wax-and-cotton item will deafen you temporarily—to the bawl, the crying, the radio's chatter, and the constant ring of the telephone. It's also guaranteed to be harmless.

Teen Time

By Boss Ritter

SCRATCHES on red mahogany furniture can be repaired in a jiffy. Paint the scratch with ordinary iodine. Use the tiny brush from a nail polish bottle. Remove all the goo first, with a little turpentine.

You won't scorch your silk dress when you iron it if you place a piece of transparent tissue paper over the material. Use it as a press cloth.

Teenagers who like to work with their hands are starting a new fad. It's called "clayless clay modelling." Boil two cups of coarse salt with a cup of water. Add a thick paste that's been made by stirring a small amount of water into a cup of dry cornstarch. Boil and stir until the mixture is smooth and thick. Empty the whole thing on a piece of wax paper. Allow to cool. Now you're ready to shape animals, ash trays and other knick-knacks. To create good-looking jewellery, make small balls, pieces with a threaded needle, then store in the refrigerator. Paint your beads when they are thoroughly hardened.

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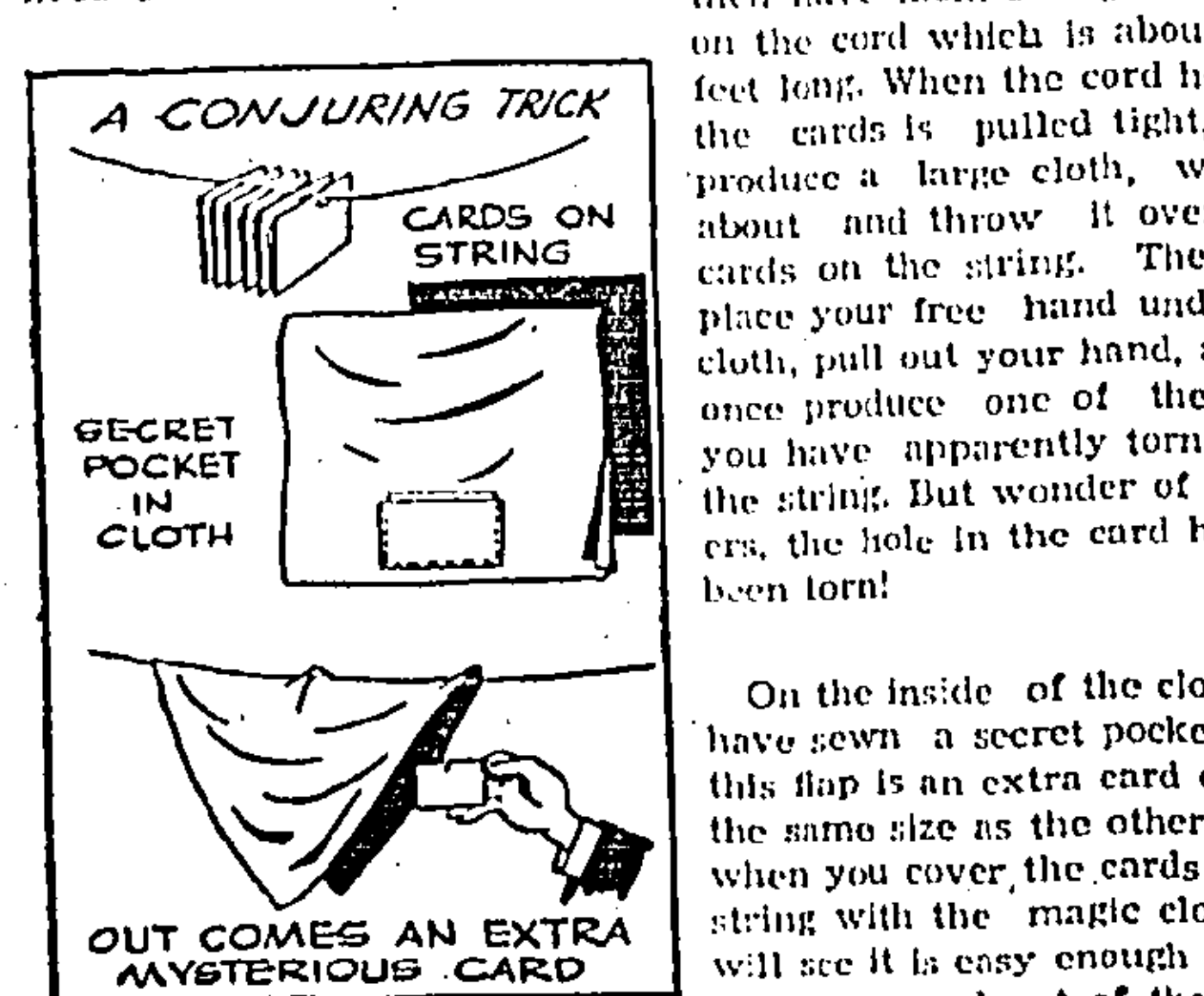
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Simple Parlour Trick

By WALTER KING

THIS parlour trick really looks like a big-time act, although a stilet, half a dozen or more small pieces of cardboard, and a piece of cloth is all the apparatus needed.



On the inside of the cloth you have sewn a secret pocket. In this flap is an extra card exactly the same size as the others. Now when you cover the cards on the string with the magic cloth you will see it is easy enough to take the extra card out of the secret pocket, tear off one of the cards hanging on the string, and hide the torn card away again in the secret pocket.

Select the thinnest cardboard you can find and cut the pieces about the size of playing cards. At the top of each piece cut a

small hole about a fourth of an inch in diameter.

Ask two members of the audience to examine each card, and then have them string the cards on the cord which is about four feet long. When the cord holding the cards is pulled tight, you produce a large cloth, wave it about and throw it over the cards on the string. Then you place your free hand under the cloth, pull out your hand, and at once produce one of the cards you have apparently torn from the string. But wonder of wonders, the hole in the card has not been torn!

BRONCHO BILL

Not for Hides

WITH BARFOOT POINTE STILL on their trail, BRONCHO BILL ENCOUNTERS A HERD OF BUFFALO.



THAT FELLER'S AIMIN' TO KILL US, TOO!"

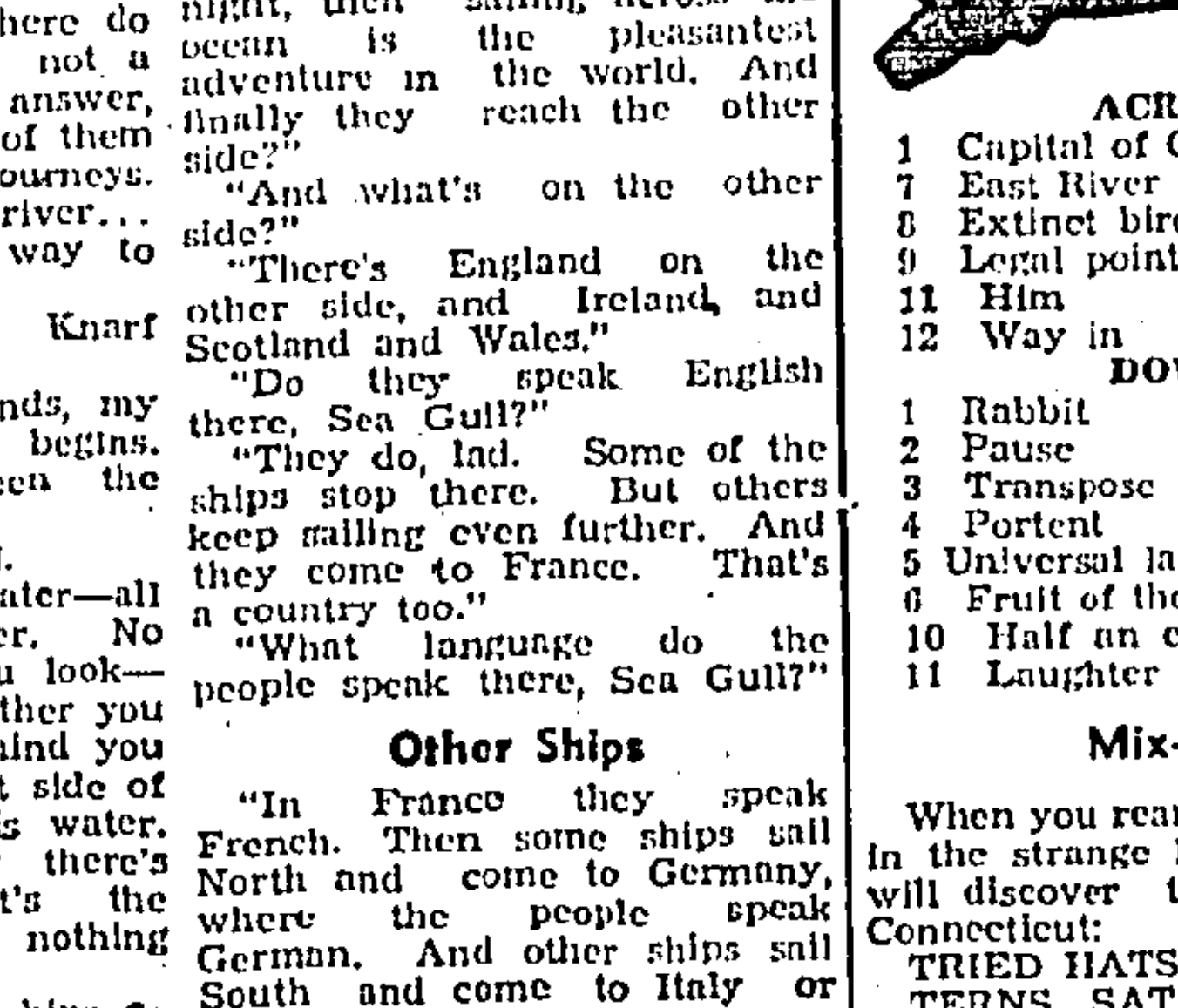
WON BLAKE? LEMME SEE, WE CAN USE THOSE BUFFALO?"

BRONCHO BILL ENCOUNTERS A HERD OF BUFFALO.

THAT FELLER'S AIMIN' TO KILL US, TOO!"

Rupert and the Dragon Pills—16

Rupert clatters about the top branches of the pine tree, but the dragon easily avoids him. "I'd better go back and tell Pong-Ping where his pet is," he thinks. At that moment the little creature above him sets up a wailing noise and bigger dragon is swooping towards him.



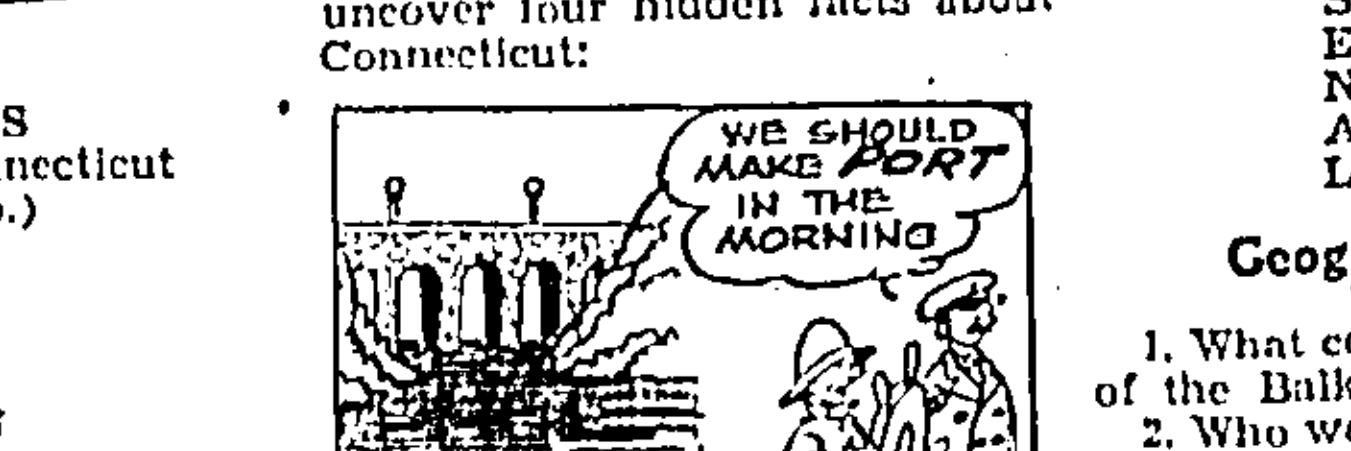
little best dips his hands to his ears. "What on earth is he doing that for?" he wonders. The noise doesn't last long, but he hurries to the ground and starts home.

Then he gets a shock, for another and bigger dragon is swooping towards him.

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Puzzle Patch

The map of Connecticut forms a base for this puzzle:



ACROSS
1 Capital of Connecticut
7 East River (nb.)
8 Extinct bird
9 Legal point
11 Him
12 Way in

DOWN
1 Rabbit
2 Pause
3 Transpose (nb.)
4 Forties
5 Universal language
6 Fruit of the palm
10 Half an em
11 Laughter sound

Mix-Ups
When you rearrange the letters in the strange lines below, you will discover two facts about Connecticut:
TRIED HATS LAST MELTS
TURNS SAT HOST MOAN
GUN WENT DELE

Geography Posers
1. What country lies at the foot of the Balkan peninsula?
2. Who were the traditional enemies of the ancient Greeks?
3. What river flows through Rome?
4. What is "the Gift of the Nile"?
5. Is the game of "hop-scotch" of Irish, English, Scotch or French origin?

Puzzle Answers
Crossword
HARTFORD
A
R
E
R
E
B
E
T
R
A
N
C
E

Mostly About Connecticut

Triangle
Today's triangle hangs on the word ARSENAL because Connecticut is known as the "Arsenal of the Nation."

Connecticut Rebus
Use the words and pictures to uncover four hidden facts about Connecticut:

WE SHOULD MAKE PORT IN THE MORNING

MY NAME'S WESLEY

an

UNIVERSITY

Geography Posers
1. What country lies at the foot of the Balkan peninsula?
2. Who were the traditional enemies of the ancient Greeks?
3. What river flows through Rome?
4. What is "the Gift of the Nile"?
5. Is the game of "hop-scotch" of Irish, English, Scotch or French origin?

